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## *THE RISE OF THE 'SHORT STORY.'*<sup>1</sup>

BY BRET HARTE.

As it has been the custom of good-natured reviewers to associate the present writer with the origin of the American 'short story,' he may have a reasonable excuse for offering the following reflections—partly the result of his own observations during the last thirty years, and partly from his experience in the introduction of this form of literature to the pages of the 'Western Magazine,' of which he was editor at the beginning of that period. But he is far from claiming the invention, or of even attributing its genesis to that particular occasion. The short story was familiar enough in form in America during the early half of the century; perhaps the proverbial haste of American life was some inducement to its brevity. It had been the medium through which some of the most characteristic work of the best American writers had won the approbation of the public. Poe—a master of the art, as yet unsurpassed—had written; Longfellow and Hawthorne had lent it the graces of the English classics. But it was not the American short story of to-day. It was not characteristic of American life, American habits nor American thought. It was not vital and instinct with the experience and observation of the average American; it made no attempt to follow his reasoning or to understand his peculiar form of expression—which it was apt to consider vulgar; it had no sympathy with those dramatic contrasts and surprises which are the wonders of American civilisation; it

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the publishers of the 'International Library of Famous Literature.'

took no account of the modifications of environment and of geographical limitations; indeed, it knew little of American geography. Of all that was distinctly American it was evasive—when it was not apologetic. And even when graced by the style of the best masters, it was distinctly provincial.

It would be easier to trace the causes which produced this than to assign any distinct occasion or period for the change. What was called American literature was still limited to English methods and upon English models. The best writers either wandered far afield for their inspiration, or, restricted to home material, were historical or legendary; artistically contemplative of their own country, but seldom observant. Literature abode on a scant fringe of the Atlantic seaboard, gathering the drift from other shores, and hearing the murmur of other lands rather than the voices of its own; it was either expressed in an artificial treatment of life in the cities, or, as with Irving, was frankly satirical of provincial social ambition. There was much 'fine' writing; there were American Addisons, Steeles, and Lambs—there were provincial 'Spectators' and 'Tatlers.' The sentiment was English. Even Irving in the pathetic sketch of 'The Wife' echoed the style of 'Rosamund Grey.' There were sketches of American life in the form of the English Essayists, with no attempt to understand the American character. The literary man had little sympathy with the rough and half-civilised masses who were making his country's history; if he used them at all it was as a foil to bring into greater relief his hero of the unmistakable English pattern. In his slavish imitation of the foreigner, he did not, however, succeed in retaining the foreigner's quick appreciation of novelty. It took an Englishman to first develop the humour and picturesqueness of American or 'Yankee' dialect, but Judge Haliburton succeeded better in reproducing 'Sam Slick's' speech than his character. Dr. Judd's 'Margaret'—one of the earlier American stories—although a vivid picture of New England farm life and strongly marked with local colour, was in incident and treatment a mere imitation of English rural tragedy. It would, indeed, seem that while the American people had shaken off the English yoke in Government, politics, and national progression, while they had already startled the old world with invention and originality in practical ideas, they had never freed themselves from the trammels of English literary precedent. The old sneer 'Who reads an American book?' might have been answered by another: 'There are no *American* books.'

But while the American literary imagination was still under the influence of English tradition, an unexpected factor was developing to diminish its power. It was *Humour*—of a quality as distinct and original as the country and civilisation in which it was developed. It was at first noticeable in the anecdote or 'story,' and, after the fashion of such beginnings, was orally transmitted. It was common in the bar-rooms, the gatherings in the 'country store,' and finally at public meetings in the mouths of 'stump orators.' Arguments were clinched, and political principles illustrated, by 'a funny story.' It invaded even the camp meeting and pulpit. It at last received the currency of the public press. But wherever met it was so distinctly original and novel, so individual and characteristic, that it was at once known and appreciated abroad as 'an American story.' Crude at first, it received a literary polish in the press, but its dominant quality remained. It was concise and condense, yet suggestive. It was delightfully extravagant—or a miracle of understatement. It voiced not only the dialect, but the habits of thought of a people or locality. It gave a new interest to slang. From a paragraph of a dozen lines it grew into a half column, but always retaining its conciseness and felicity of statement. It was a foe to prolixity of any kind, it admitted no fine writing nor affectation of style. It went directly to the point. It was burdened by no conscientiousness; it was often irreverent; it was devoid of all moral responsibility—but it was original! By degrees it developed character with its incident, often, in a few lines, gave a striking photograph of a community or a section, but always reached its conclusion without an unnecessary word. It became—and still exists—as an essential feature of newspaper literature. It was the parent of the American 'short story.'

But although these beginnings assumed more of a national character than American serious or polite literature, they were still purely comic, and their only immediate result was the development of a number of humourists in the columns of the daily press—all possessing the dominant national quality with a certain individuality of their own. For a while it seemed as if they were losing the faculty of story-telling in the elaboration of eccentric character—chiefly used as a vehicle for smart sayings, extravagant incident, or political satire. They were eagerly received by the public and, in their day, were immensely popular, and probably were better known at home and abroad than the

more academic but less national humourists of New York or Boston. The national note was always struck even in their individual variations, and the admirable portraiture of the shrewd and humorous showman in 'Artemus Ward' survived his more mechanical bad spelling. Yet they did not invade the current narrative fiction; the short and long story-tellers went with their old-fashioned methods, their admirable morals, their well-worn sentiments, their colourless heroes and heroines of the first ranks of provincial society. Neither did social and political convulsions bring anything new in the way of Romance. The Mexican war gave us the delightful satires of Hosea Bigelow, but no dramatic narrative. The anti-slavery struggle before the War of the Rebellion produced a successful partisan political novel—on the old lines—with only the purely American characters of the negro 'Topsy,' and the New England 'Miss Ophelia.' The War itself, prolific as it was of poetry and eloquence—was barren of romance, except for Edward Everett Hale's artistic and sympathetic *The Man without a Country*. The tragedies enacted, the sacrifices offered, not only on the battle-field but in the division of families and households; the conflict of superb Quixotism and reckless gallantry against Reason and Duty fought out in quiet border farmhouses and plantations; the reincarnation of Puritan and Cavalier in a wild environment of trackless wastes, pestilential swamps and rugged mountains; the patient endurance of both the conqueror and the conquered: all these found no echo in the romance of the period. Out of the battle smoke that covered half a continent drifted into the pages of magazines shadowy but correct figures of blameless virgins of the North—heroines or fashionable belles—habited as hospital nurses, bearing away the deeply wounded but more deeply misunderstood Harvard or Yale graduate lover who had rushed to bury his broken heart in the conflict. It seems almost incredible that, until the last few years, nothing worthy of that tremendous episode has been preserved by the pen of the romancer.

But if the war produced no characteristic American story it brought the literary man nearer his work. It opened to him distinct conditions of life in his own country, of which he had no previous conception; it revealed communities governed by customs and morals unlike his own, yet intensely human and American. The lighter side of some of these he had learned from the humourists before alluded to; the grim realities of war and the



stress of circumstances had suddenly given them a pathetic or dramatic reality. Whether he had acquired this knowledge of them with a musket or a gilded strap on his shoulder, or whether he was later a peaceful 'carpet-bagger' into the desolate homes of the south and south-west, he knew something personally of their romantic and picturesque value in story. Many cultivated aspirants for literature, as well as many seasoned writers for the press, were among the volunteer soldiery. Again, the composition of the army was heterogeneous: regiments from the West rubbed shoulders with regiments from the East; spruce city clerks hobnobbed with backwoodsmen, and the student fresh from college shared his rations with the half-educated western farmer. The Union, for the first time, recognised its component parts; the natives knew each other. The literary man must have seen heroes and heroines where he had never looked for them, situations that he had never dreamt of. Yet it is a mortifying proof of the strength of inherited literary traditions, that he never dared until quite recently to make a test of them. It is still more strange that he should have waited for the initiative to be taken by a still more crude, wild, and more western civilisation—that of California!

The gold discovery had drawn to the Pacific slope of the continent a still more heterogeneous and remarkable population. The immigration of 1849 and 1850 had taken farmers from the plough, merchants from their desks, and students from their books, while every profession was represented in the motley crowd of gold-seekers. Europe and her colonies had contributed to swell these adventurers—for adventurers they were whatever their purpose; the risks were great, the journey long and difficult—the nearest came from a distance of over a thousand miles; that the men were necessarily pre-equipped with courage, faith and endurance was a foregone conclusion. They were mainly young; a grey-haired man was a curiosity in the mines in the early days, and an object of rude respect and reverence. They were consequently free from the trammels of precedent or tradition in arranging their lives and making their rude homes. There was a singular fraternity in this ideal republic into which all men entered free and equal. Distinction of previous position or advantages were unknown, even record and reputation for ill or good were of little benefit or embarrassment to the possessor; men were accepted for what they actually were, and what they could do in taking their part in the camp or settlement. The severest economy, the direst poverty, the

most menial labour carried no shame nor disgrace with it ; individual success brought neither envy nor jealousy. What was one man's fortune to-day might be the luck of another to-morrow. Add to this Utopian simplicity of the people, the environment of magnificent scenery, a unique climate, and a vegetation that was marvellous in its proportions and spontaneity of growth ; let it be further considered that the strongest relief was given to this picture by its setting among the crumbling ruins of early Spanish possession—whose monuments still existed in Mission and Presidio, and whose legitimate Castilian descendants still lived and moved in picturesque and dignified contrast to their energetic invaders—and it must be admitted that a condition of romantic and dramatic possibilities was created unrivalled in history.

But the earlier literature of the Pacific slope was, like that of the Atlantic seaboard, national and characteristic only in its humour. The local press sparkled with wit and satire, and, as in the East, developed its usual individual humourists. Of these should be mentioned the earliest pioneers of Californian humour—Lieut. Derby, a U.S. army engineer officer, author of a series of delightful extravagances known as the 'Squibob Papers,' and the later and universally known 'Mark Twain,' who contributed 'The Jumping Frog of Calaveras' to the columns of the weekly press. 'The San Francisco News Letter,' whose whilom contributor, Major Bierce, has since written some of the most graphic romances of the Civil War ; 'The Golden Era,' in which the present writer published his earlier sketches, and 'The Californian,' to which, as editor, in burlesque imitation of the enterprise of his journalistic betters, he contributed 'The Condemned Novels,' were the foremost literary weeklies. These were all more or less characteristically American, but it was again remarkable that the more literary, romantic, and imaginative romances had no national flavour. The better remembered serious work in the pages of the only literary magazine 'The Pioneer,' was a romance of spiritualism and psychological study, and a poem on the Chandos picture of Shakespeare !

With this singular experience before him, the present writer was called upon to take the editorial control of the 'Overland Monthly,' a much more ambitious magazine venture than had yet appeared in California. The best writers had been invited to contribute to its pages. But in looking over his materials on preparing the first number, he was discouraged to find the same notable lack of characteristic fiction. There were good literary

articles, sketches of foreign travel, and some essays in description of the natural resources of California—excellent from a commercial and advertising view-point. But he failed to discover anything of that wild and picturesque life which had impressed him, first as a truant schoolboy, and afterwards as a youthful schoolmaster among the mining population. In this perplexity he determined to attempt to make good the deficiency himself. He wrote 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' However far short it fell of his ideal and his purpose, he conscientiously believed that he had painted much that 'he saw, and part of which he was,' that his subject and characters were distinctly Californian, as was equally his treatment of them. But an unexpected circumstance here intervened. The publication of the story was objected to by both printer and publisher, virtually for not being in the conventional line of subject, treatment, and morals! The introduction of the abandoned outcast mother of the foundling 'Luck,' and the language used by the characters, received a serious warning and protest. The writer was obliged to use his right as editor to save his unfortunate contribution from oblivion. When it appeared at last, he saw with consternation that the printer and publisher had really voiced the local opinion; that the press of California was still strongly dominated by the old conservatism and conventionalism of the East, and that when 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' was not denounced as 'improper' and 'corrupting,' it was coldly received as being 'singular' and 'strange.' A still more extraordinary instance of the 'provincial note' was struck in the criticism of a religious paper that the story was strongly 'unfavourable to immigration' and decidedly unprovocative of the 'investment of foreign capital.' However, its instantaneous and cordial acceptance as a new departure by the critics of the Eastern States and Europe, enabled the writer to follow it with other stories of a like character. More than that, he was gratified to find a disposition on the part of his contributors to shake off their conservative trammels, and in an admirable and original sketch of a wandering circus attendant called 'Centrepole Bill,' he was delighted to recognise and welcome a convert. The term 'imitators,' often used by the critics who, as previously stated, had claimed for the present writer the *invention* of this kind of literature, could not fairly apply to those who had cut loose from conventional methods, and sought to honestly describe the life around them, and he can only claim to have shown them that it could be done. How well

it has since been done, what charm of individual flavour and style has been brought to it by such writers as Harris, Cable, Page, Mark Twain in 'Huckleberry Finn,' the author of the 'Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains,' and Miss Wilkins, the average reader need not be told. It would seem evident, therefore, that the secret of the American short story was the treatment of characteristic American life, with absolute knowledge of its peculiarities and sympathy with its methods; with no fastidious ignoring of its habitual expression, or the inchoate poetry that may be found even hidden in its slang; with no moral determination except that which may be the legitimate outcome of the story itself; with no more elimination than may be necessary for the artistic conception, and never from the fear of the 'fetish' of conventionalism. Of such is the American short story of to-day—the germ of American literature to come.

## COLONIAL MEMORIES.

BY LADY BROOME.

### PART II.

THERE had never been a bushranger before Bill (I forget his 'outside' name) in Western Australia, and I don't suppose there will ever be another. If anyone may be said to have drifted—indeed, almost to have been forced—by circumstances into a path of crime and peril, it was this same unlucky Bill. Until his troubles came he was always regarded as rather a fine specimen of a colonial youth. Tall, strong, and good-looking, apt at all manly sports and exercises, he was adored by the extremely respectable family to which he belonged, and who brought him up as well as they could. For Master Bill must always have been a difficult youth to manage, and from his tenderest years had invariably been a law unto himself.

At school he had formed a strong friendship with another lad of his own age, who was exactly opposite to him in character, tastes, and pursuits, but nevertheless they were inseparable 'mates,' and all Bill's people hoped that the influence of this very quiet sedate youth would in time tame Bill's wild and lawless nature. As the boys grew into their teens it became a question of choosing a career, and the quiet boy always said he wanted to get into the police. That was his great ambition, and a more promising recruit could not be desired. It came out afterwards that when the lads discussed this subject the embryo policeman often observed: 'If you don't look out, Bill, and alter your ways, I'll be always having to arrest you.' Bill laughed this suggestion to scorn, not that he had any intention of amending his ways, but he could not believe that anyone who knew his great physical strength and utter recklessness would dare to lay a hand on him. The ways he was advised to amend consisted chiefly in worrying the neighbours, with whom he lived in constant feud and Border warfare. No old lady's cat within a radius of five miles was safe from him, and he chased the goats and harried the poultry, and generally made himself a first-class nuisance all round.

The strange thing was that, in spite of this strong instinct of tormenting, Bill was universally acknowledged to be a splendid 'bushman'—that is, one familiar with all the signs and common objects of the forests. He would have made an ideal explorer, and could have lived in the Bush in plenty and comfort under conditions in which anyone else would have starved or died of thirst. It seemed odd to find in the same youth this passionate love of Nature and familiarity with her every wild bird or beast, and a certain amount of cruelty and callousness.

Time passed on, and one of the boys at least got his heart's desire and was enrolled in the very fine police force of Fremantle. Bill could not be induced to settle to any profession, though his knowledge of bush-craft and his superb powers of endurance would have insured him plenty of well-paid employment as an explorer or pioneer in the unknown parts which were just beginning to be opened up in our day, for the first faint whispers of the magic word 'gold' were being brought to the ears of the Government.

Just about this time one of the neighbours imported a special breed of fowls, which Bill forthwith proceeded to torment in his leisure moments. The owner of the unhappy poultry bore Bill's worrying with patience and good nature for some little time, but at last assured him that he would take out a summons against him if he persisted in harrying his sitting hens. Bill's answer to this was buying a revolver and announcing that he would certainly shoot anyone who attempted to arrest him. Of course, no one believed this threat, and in due time the summons was taken out, and the task of making the arrest devolved upon his friend and school-mate, who warned him privately that he would certainly do his duty and that he need not hope to escape. Bill fled a few miles off and kept out of the way for a little while. No one wanted to be hard on the youth for the sake of his very respectable family, and a good deal of sympathy was expressed for them; also, everyone hoped and believed that this little fracas would sober Master Bill down, and that he might yet become a valuable member of the community.

However, one Sunday evening, just at dusk, Bill was hanging about the poultry yard with evil intent, when he suddenly perceived his friend in uniform and on duty the other side of a low hedge. The owner of the fowls had asked for a constable to watch his place, and, as ill luck would have it, Bill's friend was sent. The two boys looked at each other for a moment across the hedge, and then the policeman said:

'Now, Bill, you had better come along quietly with me; there's a warrant out against you, and I've got to take you to the police station.'

'If you come one step nearer, I'll shoot you dead,' answered Bill.

'That's all nonsense, you know,' the poor young constable replied, and began pushing the hedge aside to get through it. Bill drew his revolver and shot the friend and playmate of his whole life dead on the spot. He then rushed back to his own place, and, hastily collecting some food and cartridges, was off and away into the heart of the nearest 'bush' or forest, the fringe of which almost touched even the principal towns in those days.

It is hardly possible to imagine the state of excitement into which this crime threw the primitive little community. Murders were comparatively rare, and I was told that they were almost always committed by old 'lags,' men who had begun as convicts perhaps thirty-five or forty years before, and had generally only been let out a short time before on a ticket-of-leave. But this catastrophe was quite a fresh departure, and called forth almost as much sympathy for the relatives of the wretched Bill as for those of his victim. The native trackers set to work at once and picked up Bill's trail without any difficulty, but the thing was to catch him. No Will-o'-the-wisp could have been more elusive, and he led the best trackers and the most wary constables a regular dance over hills and valleys, through dense bush and scrub-covered sand, day after day. News would come of the police being hot on his tracks thirty miles off, and that same night a store in Fremantle would be broken into, and two or three of its best guns, with suitable cartridges, would be missing. As time went on the various larders in Perth were visited in the same unexpected manner, and emptied of their contents. Bill never took anything except ammunition, food, and tobacco, but whenever the police came up with his camping ground—often to find the fire still smouldering—they always found several newspapers of the latest dates giving particulars of where he was supposed to be.

In the course of the many weeks—nine I think—that this chase went on, the police often got near enough to be shot at. One poor constable was badly wounded in the throat, so that he could never speak above a whisper again, and another was shot dead. But Bill was never to be seen. Sometimes they came on his 'billy' or pannikin of tea, standing by the fire, and another time he must just have flung away his pipe lest its smell



should betray him. One is lost in amazement at his powers of endurance, for he could have had no actual sleep all that weary while. The general plan of campaign was to keep him always moving, so as to tire him out. What strength must he have possessed to do without sleep all that time, and to cover such fabulous distances day after day. The police themselves, or rather their horses, and even the trackers, got quite knocked up, in spite of a regularly organised system of relief; so what must it have been for the hunted boy, who could never have had any rest at all?

It was the year of the first Jubilee, and numerous loyal festivities were taking place during all the time of Bill's chase. Of course June is the Antipodean midwinter, and cold and wet had to be reckoned with, as well as very bad going for both horse and man, and great fatigue for the pursuers. Bill apparently thought the Jubilee ought in some way to do him good, and he used to stick notices up on trees with his terms fully set forth. One proposition was that he should be let off entirely because of the Jubilee. Another notice stated that he would give himself up to me, if he was guaranteed a free pardon. The grim silence with which all these tempting offers were received must have exasperated the young ruffian, for after a time these bulletins breathed nothing but melodramatic threats of vengeance, especially against the Governor, and he began to attempt to carry them out in many ways. But the wickedest idea to my mind was the plan he evidently formed of wrecking the special trains which were to convey almost all the Perth people down to Fremantle, some thirteen miles away, in the middle of the Jubilee week. The citizens of the Port were determined to show themselves every bit as loyal and exultant as we were in Perth, and had bidden the Governor and the officials, as well as the rest of the little society, to a fine ball at their grand new Town Hall. The railway authorities and the police were quite alive to the risks we should all run; every precaution was taken, and especially not a whisper was allowed to creep out as to Mr. Bill's murderous intentions. A pilot engine went first the night of the ball, and the best native trackers were 'laid on' the line. Next morning's daylight showed how much all this vigilance and care had been needed, for in numerous places Bill's footsteps could be tracked down to the rails, and large branches of trees, rocks, and other handy impediments lay within a foot of the line, and he must have been hunted off when quite close many times during that

cold wet night. I believe I was the only woman in the long special train who knew of Mr. Bill's intentions, and I confess I found it somewhat difficult to conceal a tendency to preoccupation and to start at slight sounds. However, it would have quite spoiled the Fremantle ball if the least breath of the risk to the guests from Perth had got abroad, so all the men bore themselves as Englishmen do—quietly and serenely—and I had to hide my nervousness for very shame's sake. Especially when we were coming back, quite late, and I saw how tired and sleepy every one was, the thought would cross my mind of wonder if the poor watchers on the outside were as tired as we were, and so, perhaps, not quite so much on the alert. My private fears proved groundless, happily, but I can never forget the relief of finding myself (and my far dearer self) safe in our beautiful home again that night. I had felt so wretched at the ball when I looked at my numerous pet girl friends dancing blithely away, and thought of the dangers which might easily beset their homeward road.

By this time everyone, especially those whose larders had been raided, took the keenest interest in Master Bill's capture, and the local papers were full of his hairbreadth escapes. I remember a paragraph which interested me very much stated that once, when, 'from information received,' the police had drawn quite a *cordon* round his lair and were creeping stealthily towards it, a bird suddenly uttered a piercing shrill note; and one of the trackers, learned in bush-lore, remarked that their chance of catching him then was gone, for that bird would have warned him, as it never uttered its cry except when it saw a stranger suddenly. I may mention here that I never rested until I heard that bird's note myself, and I spent the next summer in organising bush picnics, and then wandering away as far as I dared in order to alarm the bird by a sudden appearance. At last one day, when I had very nearly succeeded in losing myself in the bush, a sudden shrill note terrified me out of my life. If the bird was frightened so was I, for it was a most piercing cry.

At last the end came; at earliest dawn one morning Bill, resting on a log in the bush without even a fire to betray him, opened his eyes to the sound of a command to 'put up his hands,' and saw half a dozen carbines levelled straight at him a few yards off. He showed fight to the last, and managed before holding up his hands to fire a shot at the approaching constables, wounding one of them in the leg. The men rushed in, however, and he was soon overcome and handcuffed and brought into Perth. But

the most curious part of the story lies in the universal sympathy and, indeed, admiration immediately shown by the whole of our very peaceable and orderly little community for this youth. Of course, the officials did not share this strange sentimentality, for they regarded Master Bill and his exploits from a very different point of view, and I used really to feel quite angry, especially with my female friends, who often asked me if I was not 'very sorry' for the culprit? My sympathies, I confessed, were more with the families of his victims, especially the poor policeman with his mangled throat, whom I had often seen in my weekly visits to the hospital. When I expressed surprise at the interest all the girls in the place took in the young ruffian, the answer always was: 'Oh, but he is so brave.' It appeared to me the bravery lay with his captors!

He was duly tried, but the jury did not convict him of pre-meditated murder, and in face of the verdict he could only be sentenced to imprisonment for some years. Master Bill's captivity did not last very long on that occasion, for he watched his opportunity, sprang upon the warder one day, knocking him senseless, scrambled over the wall of the exercise ground, near which chanced to be a pile of stones for breaking, and so got away. Then the Pendulum of Public Opinion—that strange and unreliable factor in human affairs—swung to the other end, and a violent outcry arose, and Bill's immediate death was the least of its demands. He was caught without much difficulty that time, however, and it was strange to find no one taking the least interest in his second trial, which resulted in a lengthy and rigorous imprisonment. Poor wretch! I believe even I ended by being 'sorry' for him and his wasted life, with all its splendid possibilities.

Another tragedy was enacted in the North-west not long after Bill's adventures had ended; and yet, terrible as this incident was, one could hardly help an ill-regulated smile.

I wonder how many people realise that Western Australia holds a million square miles within its borders. True, most of it is, as Anthony Trollope said, only fit to run through an hour-glass, being of the sandiest sort of sand. But then, again, all that that sand requires to make it 'blossom like a rose' is water. Given an abundant supply of water, and all those miles of desert will grow anything. You have only got to see the sand-plains, as they are called, *before* the winter rains and *after* them. These sand-plains are just a sort of tongue or strip of the great Sahara

in the middle of the Island Continent which runs down—some seventy miles wide—towards the sea shore three or four hundred miles to the north-west of Perth.

The rumours of gold which had begun to fill the air during our day, necessitated first telegraph stations, and then the establishment of outlying posts of civilisation—the nucleus of what are already turned or turning into flourishing towns. I have always declared that when there were three white men in any of these distant spots, the first thing they started was a race-meeting, with a Governor's Cup or Purse (value about 5*l.*), and then next would come a Rifle Association, with a Literary Institute to follow, to all of which H.E. would be invited to subscribe. However, the outlying settlement I speak of had not attained to these luxuries, for it consisted of only one white man. He combined the offices of Warden and Magistrate and Doctor, and several other duties as well; but he must have led a truly Robinson Crusoe sort of life, poor man. I should mention that these settlements had always to be close to the sea-shore in order to keep in touch, by means of the little coasting steamers, with a base of supply. This gentleman—for he was a man of unblemished character as well as of education and refinement—had not a creature to speak to beyond a few half-tamed natives, except when the steamer touched—once a month, I believe—at his little port. He was a splendid shot and a keen sportsman, but there was not much scope for his 'gunning' talents, and sea-gull shooting formed one of his few amusements.

One fine evening he was lazily floating in a light canoe about the bay, with a native to paddle, whilst he looked out for a difficult shot, when the man suddenly pointed to an object on a rock some fifty yards from the shore which he announced was a 'big-fellow' gull. It did look rather large for a gull, but the sportsman thought it might be some other sort of strange sea-bird, and, after carefully adjusting the sight of the rifle and taking most accurate aim, he fired. To his horror the crouching object gave a sort of upward leap and then fell flat. Poor Mr. ——— seized the oar and paddled with all speed to the spot, to find a white man lying dead with his bullet through his heart!

One can hardly realise the dismay of the involuntary murderer, for anything so unexpected as the presence of any human being in that lonely spot with darkness coming on, and a difficult path, from rock to rock, to be retraced to the shore, cannot be imagined. There was nothing for it but to take the body into the boat and

return home. The most careful inquiries carried on for months failed to elicit the slightest information as to that lonely victim's identity. He had not a mark of any sort on his clothing, nor a scrap of paper about him, which could throw the least light on his name or history. No one knew that another white man was in the district at all. If he had dropped from the sky on to that rock he could not have been more untraceable. It was all tragic enough, but what made me smile in the midst of my horror at the details of the story—of which I first saw the outline in a local newspaper—was to hear that Mr. — had sat as coroner on the body, also fulfilled the duties of the jury, then became police magistrate, and finally brought himself down to Perth as the author of the 'misadventure.' Of course, there was no question of a trial, for it was the purest and most unlucky accident, regretted by Mr. — more than by any one else. No advertisements or amount of publicity given to the story ever threw the least light on the poor man's name or antecedents. Of course here and there letters came from individuals who thought they saw their way to *exploiter* the Government and extract some sort of money compensation for the death of their hastily adopted relative, but as their story invariably broke down at the very outset—in which case they generally lowered their demands by next post from 1,000*l.* to 10*s.*—no ray of light was ever thrown on the mystery of how that white man came to be sitting quietly on those rocks at sunset that evening.

I fear these two stories have been rather of what an Irish servant of mine once called 'a blood-curling' nature, so I must end with a less tragic note.

During one of the many war scares in which we have indulged any time these twenty years, a couple of her Majesty's gunboats were watching the Australian coast, or rather watching any suspicious craft in those waters. As is often the case along that coast, they had met with dreadful weather, and had been buffeted about and their progress greatly delayed, so by the date the harbour I speak of was reached ample time had elapsed for war to be declared, and it had seemed imminent enough a week before, when the ships had left their last port of call. Now this harbour held a sort of inner harbour which would have been very convenient to an enemy for coaling, and where in fact large stores of coal were kept on board hulks. So it was quite on the cards that if war had broken out during those few blank days, the enemy might have made a pounce for the coal, more especially as in

those days the harbour was absolutely undefended. Now, I am told, it bristles with big guns!

It was late of a full-moon night when these vessels crept quietly into the outer harbour. All looked peaceful enough, and the light from the lighthouse shone out as usual. It did not take long to decide that a small armed party had better pay a surprise visit to that lighthouse and learn what had taken place during the last week or so in its neighbourhood. The young officer who told me the story described most amusingly the precautions taken to avoid any noise, and to surround the lighthouse whilst he and some others went in to see what was to be found inside. Only one solitary man met them, however, who stood up and saluted stolidly, but offered no shadow of resistance, and all seemed *en règle*. The next thing, naturally, was to question this lighthouse keeper, but to every demand he only shook his head. The stock of foreign languages which had accompanied that expedition was but small, however, and a shake of the head was the only answer to the same questions repeated in French and German. It was therefore decided to take the silent man back to the gunboat (leaving a couple of men in charge of the light), and see whether, as my informant said, they could 'raise any other lingo' on board. But by the time the ship was reached the doctor and not the schoolmaster was required, for the poor man was found to be in an epileptic fit. Daylight brought a little shore-boat alongside with his wife in it, who gave them all a very disagreeable quarter of an hour, for the lighthouse keeper was deaf and dumb, and could not imagine what crime he had committed to be taken prisoner in that summary fashion. He knew nothing of wars or rumours of wars, but tended his lamps carefully, and his wife had been allowed, under the circumstances, to share his solitude. She had only left him for a few hours, and when she returned at earliest dawn, and found her husband gone and a couple of sailors in charge of the lighthouse, it did not take her long to rush down the hill, get into her boat, and so on board H.M.S. —. I believe she expected to find her spouse loaded with irons, and on the eve of execution, instead of being comfortably asleep in a bunk, with a good breakfast awaiting him.

When the story was finished I remarked to the teller: 'Quite an illustration of Talleyrand's "Surtout, point de zèle," isn't it?' And the young officer shook his head sadly, as much as to say that it was indeed a wicked world. I fancy that 'wiggings' had followed.

*THE DECAY OF SENSIBILITY.*

MANY excellent persons have expressed a hope that in Paradise it may be their promotion to consort with those of the illustrious dead whose work or whose examples they have admired on earth. There are two sides to this pious aspiration, and it is a little sad to think of Shakespeare and Dante mobbed in the Elysian Fields by a host of mediocrities. Imagine Johnson pursued by the shade of Miss Pinkerton, who kept a famous academy in The Mall at Chiswick; conceive of Heine's motley and incongruous following. However, this is off the point; I only wish to say that I never want to meet Miss Austen in Paradise. She must have been a most unlovable woman, and I cannot forgive her her ideals, not even for the sake of her dislikes. Her admirable people are frankly detestable—a parcel of prigs; her prudent Elinors, her sententious Edmunds and Edwards, I cannot away with. Some touch of humanity shows itself in a weakness for the naval profession; Captain Wentworth is quite tolerable, and Admiral Croft really to be liked. As for her women, there is even less to be said for them. Fanny, in 'Mansfield Park,' is a sort of human sea anemone; Anne Elliot a poor creature, who is none the better because she is aware of the fact; Emma, the unreformed, undisciplined Emma, is a nice, cheerful, pretty girl, but after she subsided into being Mrs. Knightly I fear she fell away sadly into conformity with the discreet and dull ideals of her creator. The truth about Miss Austen is that she lived in a mortally stupid, confined, narrow-minded society, and disliked her surroundings without feeling any desire to rise out of them. Her genius, which no one can question, was devoted to giving a representation of that society, which it would be a shame to call photographic, for it is as living and as merciless as one of Mr. Sargent's best portraits. She has done for the early years of this century what Trollope did for the fifties and sixties, but with even greater fidelity in her cramped sphere. Trollope relied to a certain extent upon imagination; Miss Austen only wrote of what she absolutely knew, and to read her is the best way to measure precisely the distance which we have travelled since she wrote,



The change is so far-reaching and so finely graduated that it is a little difficult to define, for the people of whom Miss Austen wrote still exist, and exist very much as she knew them. It is not in their class that the daughters have latchkeys, or, if they come from that class, they depart from their surroundings and settle away from home, in London or elsewhere. Really there is nothing which marks the alteration in manners so well as the vocabulary. A number of terms then daily current are now superannuated. 'Gentility' has disappeared, 'elegance' is fast following it, and 'delicate' is a word that we scarcely ever apply now to persons or conduct. People are not genteel or elegant any longer; the qualities have vanished as well as the names; they are 'smart' instead; as for 'delicate,' I hardly know a modern equivalent. The antitheses to all these things still flourish on our lips and in our lives; 'vulgarity' is not a word that is in any way out of date, and 'indelicacy' is still mentioned among us, though chiefly by old-fashioned people. It would be an interesting task for a student of the subject to point out exactly how the vulgarity of Miss Austen's day differed from the vulgarity of this; how the snobbish cult of position has been replaced by the snobbish cult of money; how the desire for 'respectability' (which meant a country house and everything handsome about one) has been replaced by the desire for notoriety, which means a large income and entertainments that the papers write about. But my object is merely to point out the total disappearance of one quality, so well marked in Miss Austen's day that it gave a title to one of her novels, yet now, in so far as concerns its outward manifestations, nearly as extinct as the dodo. I mean, of course, what was called sensibility, the attribute which used to display itself by rapturous joy, by copious tears, by hysterics, and principally by fainting fits, upon the most inadequate occasions. The change is so marked that one inclines to ask oneself whether the physical constitution of woman be not altered within the last half-century. The modern young woman does not swoon promiscuously. If she falls off her bicycle she may get concussion of the brain just like her brother on the football field; if she gets an unusually severe blow on the nose with a hockey stick she may faint, as she might under a surgical operation; but she does not faint from sheer emotion. If either of the accidents to which I have referred were to happen, the sufferer's companions would pick her up and staunch the bleeding nose with due promptitude, whereas in Miss Austen's day they

would have swooned—it was expected of them. A classical instance occurs to me which will be familiar to all readers of ‘Persuasion.’ It was not, however, familiar to a respectable divine, Fellow of his college, who happened to be staying one summer for a day or two at Lyme Regis, and hence arose a funny confusion. He received at his hotel a telegram, signed with a name perfectly familiar to him, for it was that of the principal personage in his university, a scholar of European reputation and the greatest novel reader in Europe. But the message perplexed him vastly, for it contained simply these words: ‘*What height did Louisa Musgrove jump?*’ In his bewilderment he paid to have the message repeated, but precisely the same wording came back. Finally he concluded that by some odd conjuncture he was receiving a telegram addressed to a sporting character of the same name as himself, and that the inquiry related to the performance of some famous steeplechaser. It was only when he met the eminent scholar that he heard for the first time how Louisa Musgrove had accompanied Admiral Croft’s party to Lyme Regis; how they had gone to walk upon the Cobb, and how, because of the wind, they determined to go down the steps from the upper terrace to the lower; how the rest of the ladies ‘were contented to pass quietly and carefully down the steep flight, excepting Louisa; she must be jumped down them by Captain Wentworth,’ as was the custom in their walks when the party came to a stile. The sensation was so delightful to her that, being safely down, she instantly ran up the steps to be jumped down again. ‘He advised her against it, thought the jar too great; but no, he reasoned and talked in vain. She smiled and said, “I am determined I will.” He put out his hands. She was too precipitate by half a second; she fell on the pavement on the Lower Cobb and was taken up lifeless.’ It had occurred to the eminent scholar, in considering this incident (the most sensational in any of Miss Austen’s novels), that the modern young lady, if she had jumped, would certainly have alighted on her feet, and would probably not have been seriously injured; consequently, what he wanted was an accurate measurement of the height of the Upper Cobb (it is, I believe, about four and a half feet). In his enthusiasm for the writings of Miss Austen he never contemplated the possibility that the receiver of his telegram might never have read ‘Persuasion,’ and be reduced to set down Louisa Musgrove as a blood mare. However, the interesting fact remains that the

young lady of Miss Austen's period, having jumped down four and a half feet, naturally alighted on her head, and also that, of the party looking on, her married sister screamed, 'catching hold of her husband and contributing with his own terror to make him immovable;' while the unmarried one, Henrietta, 'sinking under the conviction' of Louisa's death, 'lost her senses too, and would have fallen on the steps but for Captain Benwick,' who performed the duty continually incumbent upon man in those days, and supported her fainting form. Otherwise she also would probably have had concussion.

The quality which all these people displayed on this occasion was sensibility, and it can hardly be denied that the race is well rid of it. It is impossible not to sympathise with Mr. Charles Musgrove when we read on the next page how he 'hung over Louisa with sobs of grief, and could only turn his eyes from one sister to see the other in a state as insensible or to witness the hysterical agitations of his wife calling on him for help which he could not give.' Anne Elliot, who was present at the scene, did not swoon; but Miss Austen, to do her justice, did not admire sensibility, and she continually sets it down to the credit of her heroines that they did not behave as they would naturally have been expected to do. Thus when Elinor Dashwood heard from Lucy Steele that Edward Ferrars, for whom she herself had a kind of tepid affection, was engaged to Lucy, it is recorded that 'though her complexion varied, she stood firm in incredulity and felt in no danger of an hysterical fit or a swoon.' It was the more to her credit, because she lived in a swooning society. When her sister Marianne came to London in the train of Mrs. Jennings and went to a party where she met the faithless Willoughby, it was natural enough that she should be greatly upset by his most unmannerly behaviour. Miss Austen describes what were in that day the usual symptoms of such a moral shock. 'Looking dreadfully white and unable to stand, she sunk into her chair; and Elinor, expecting every moment to see her faint, tried to screen her from the observation of others while reviving her with lavender water.'

The modern young lady is made of sterner stuff, and in all probability would have gone and flirted ostentatiously with some other man; but still not every young lady, even modern, is so resolute. What is clear is that now-a-days her elder sister would not have been so well furnished with the appliances for averting a catastrophe. In those days every woman seems to have carried in

her pocket (and in a pocket which, unlike her modern counterpart, she was able to reach—in a practicable pocket) numerous cordials and restoratives for the use of herself and her friends in the emergencies which were constantly recurring. People fainted for every conceivable reason. When the elder Miss Steele incautiously announced Lucy's engagement to Mrs. John Dashwood, Edward's sister—who, as it will be remembered, purposed to marry Edward to a lady with thirty thousand pounds—Mrs. Dashwood 'fell into violent hysterics immediately,' with such screams as reached the ears of her husband where he was sitting in his own dressing-room downstairs. Contrary to what one might have expected, 'up he flew directly'—though he must have been well used, one would say, to Mrs. Dashwood's screams, and surely might have learnt to avoid the scene. Being recovered, no doubt by the exhibition of lavender water or some similar preparation, Mrs. Dashwood flew upon Miss Lucy Steele, who had rashly come to the rescue, and scolded her till the unfortunate young woman was forced to the superlative degree of sensibility and fainted. A Mrs. John Dashwood at the present day having to do with a Miss Lucy Steele, would simply decline to believe in the fainting fit, and, unless consideration for the drawing-room furniture checked her, would restore the sufferer to life by throwing cold water over her dress. Whether Lucy's swoon was genuine or not Miss Austen does not avouch; it is merely reported by Mrs. Jennings, but it is reported as the most natural thing in the world, with the consequence that 'poor Lucy was in such condition she could hardly walk.' The statement indeed rests upon medical authority, for Lucy's fainting fit left Mrs. Dashwood with no resource but to fall into hysterics a second time, whereupon Mr. Dashwood sent for the doctor, and it was from his report that Mrs. Jennings derived her information.

Decidedly we have changed all that. A virago can scold and a minx can endure to be scolded now-a-days without either hysterics or a fainting fit resulting. Tears still flow freely, but women as a rule are not proud of them. On the contrary, a young lady, I believe, will generally apologise for 'making such a fool of herself.' It is no longer considered to be an attraction, or even an amiable weakness, to be so feminine as all that; and no modern novelist, man or woman, would produce for admiration a heroine like Fanny in 'Mansfield Park.' Fanny is morally limp and physically a wet rag or sponge; tears exude from her whenever she is touched. She weeps when she mentions her brother who is at sea; and she

weeps profusely when he returns to her. When I was reading about her I thought of a young lady whom I questioned last spring about her brother, then in Cairo. He was all right, she said, but they were all anxious to hear that his regiment had been sent to the front. Six months later he rode at the head of his troop in the charge of the 21st Lancers and came through, as it happened, without a scratch. I am sure that this sister was overjoyed, but I doubt if she shed tears of emotion, and I am certain that she never thought of swooning when she opened the newspaper. Miss Austen, or at least Miss Austen's heroines, would have thought her heartless; Emma would have wept, and Anne Elliot would assuredly have fainted at such intelligence, though they were very reasonable people for their age—Emma, indeed, was as destitute of any touch of passion as the author of her being. But Fanny remains the extreme case, and it is plain that so eminently sensible a person as Miss Austen thought it very nice of Fanny to cry so much; she has more tenderness for Fanny than for any of her other brain-children. When Miss Crawford, the rival in Edmund's affections, was going away from Mansfield, she embraced Fanny affectionately, saying that it is 'the last time of seeing you for I do not know how long.' Fanny was affected. 'She had not foreseen anything of this and her feelings could seldom withstand the melancholy influence of the word "last."' So she wept upon Miss Crawford's neck, although she had no apparent reason to love that lady, and might with more excuse have melted into tears over the last gooseberry of summer or the last stitch in a piece of knitting.

Of course one believes perfectly in Fanny, for, in the first place, she is real, like all Miss Austen's people, and, like all the people whom Miss Austen approves of, she is sincere. I only wish to point out the change in our point of view. We have no longer any great tolerance for the sea anemone type of young woman, who is incapable of making a movement to help herself, but remains continually with feelers spread out anxious to clasp whatever comes near—Miss Crawford or another—simply because it happens to come near, and at the slightest shock shuts up into a pink, formless pulp. Miss Austen thought it quite an admirable thing that a girl should behave like that, and no doubt Fanny existed. But if we want to know how that generation thought it admirable for a young lady to behave—what was the ideal of feminine conduct and feminine charm—we have to turn away from Miss Austen's realism, which merely tells us what young

ladies in her day actually did, and look in other novelists for what they were expected to do. There is nothing romantic about Lucy Steele or Louisa Musgrove's sister when they swoon; but they swooned because they belonged to an age when swooning was the fashion, and when one of the first qualities in a heroine—I mean in a real heroine, a heroine of melodrama—was that she should swoon picturesquely, and express nearly all her emotions by floods of tears. If there was ever a nature exempt from any undue proneness to the soft weaknesses of her sex it was Miss Ferrier's. Morally, mentally, and physically she was, as one finds in the memoir of her, as tough as a woman can be made. Yet in her books, not only the characters whom she ridicules, but those whom she delights to honour, are a prey to these overwhelming emotions, which apparently cut off the supply of oxygen from the lungs and arrest the heart's action. In her first novel, 'Marriage,' Lady Juliana seems to us a caricature, but Miss Ferrier's contemporaries received her for a portrait; and in Lady Juliana's first experiences of the Highlands all the stages are marked by swoons. When she and her husband came within sight of Glenferne Castle, Lady Juliana shuddered at the 'hideous grim house.' When it was borne in upon her that this was their destination she would undoubtedly have fainted, but that the ladies of that date seldom swooned unless they could do so with tolerable comfort. 'Pale and speechless she sank back in the carriage' (this was the usual premonitory symptom), 'but the motion of it, as it began to proceed, roused her to a sense of her situation, and she burst into tears and exclamations,' in short, she had a preliminary fit of hysterics. When she entered the house and was confronted with the three long-chinned spinsters and 'five awkward purple girls,' she bore up heroically till the laird, in shaking hands with his daughter-in-law, 'crushed her delicate fingers in his hard muscular gripe.' Then the hysterics began again; she sobbed, screamed, and stretched out her hands to her husband, who supported her 'almost lifeless' (the classical word) to their apartment, while the long-chinned aunts followed, all prescribing remedies—for even in the Highlands ladies went about as well provided as the prudent Elinor. Then Lady Juliana's maid, indignant at the accommodation provided for her, rushed in to show her mistress that no Lady Juliana should monopolise the feelings of gentility. 'I am sure,' she cried, 'I thought I should ha' swooned when I was showed the hole where I was to sleep.' At this insult her mistress passed from the sobbing to



the screaming stage of hysterics. 'In the utmost perplexity the unfortunate husband by turns cursed the hour that had given him such a wife' (a touch of nature); 'now tried to soothe her into composure' (the endurance of husbands in those days is as incredible to ours as the sensibility of Lady Juliana); 'but at length, seriously alarmed at the increasing attack' (it is fair to say that he had only been married a few months), 'he called loudly for assistance.'

It would be tedious to follow Lady Juliana through all her emotions. After dinner on the same evening she was reduced for the third or fourth time to hysterics by the entrance of a piper, and, as was inevitable, 'flew shrieking to her husband,' who still sympathised and consoled her. Next morning when she appeared at breakfast, 'the laird laid a large piece of herring on her ladyship's plate.' 'What am I to do with this?' she exclaimed; 'do take it away or I shall faint!' The family very rightly believed her capable of doing so—she was in that degree superior to her own maid, who only talked of swooning—and they removed the offence. This is caricature, no doubt; but caricature to succeed must be only an exaggeration of truth, and any one who pictured a modern maid or matron as dismayed or offended by the sight of a herring in the Highlands—were it even a bloater—would certainly find people laugh at the author, not with him. No lady now-a-days is ashamed of her appetite or pretends to be a sylph at breakfast. But the truth is that the first fifty pages of 'Marriage' are chiefly occupied with detailing the symptoms of successive weeping bouts, hysterical fits and faintings; in the next fifty they diminish somewhat in frequency and intensity, but still at page 98 I find Lady Juliana in (I think) her sixth swoon, with Miss Bella administering smelling-salts and lavender water. But on this occasion there was no husband handy, so that the swoon passed off speedily and the ministrations were rejected; and on page 113 the delicate female departed from the Highlands, leaving behind one of her twin daughters in the care of Mrs. Douglas, the ideal matron. The child thus neglected and deserted by her fashionable mother grows up, as anyone would expect, into a pattern of all the graces and virtues. She has, at all events, all the qualities with which Miss Ferrier and her literary confidant, Miss Clavering, thought it proper to endow a heroine; and here is the odd point:—Miss Ferrier, who, I am sure, never was overcome in her life by anything, felt it necessary



to bestow upon her charming young lady the tenderest sensibility. When Mary grew up to have long dresses, it was thought desirable that she should join her family in London, and this is what happened: 'The journey, like most modern journeys, was performed in comfort; and late one evening Mary found herself at the goal of her wishes—at the threshold of the house that contained her mother!' (It must be observed that during the seventeen years of Mary's life her mother had, according to the story, never shown the slightest interest in her, never seen her, nor even written to her. However, that did not check the flow of sensibility.) 'One idea filled her mind; but that idea called up a thousand emotions. "I am now to meet my mother," thought she; and, unconscious of everything else, she was assisted from the carriage and conducted into the house' (the modern young lady has less imagination, but she can get out of a carriage unassisted). 'A door was thrown open, but, shrinking from the glare of light and sound of voices that assailed her, she stood dazzled and dismayed till she beheld a figure approaching that she guessed to be her mother. Her heart beat violently—a film was upon her eyes; she made an effort to reach her mother's arms and sank lifeless' (again that word) 'on her bosom.'

Now comes the really interesting point. 'Lady Juliana—for such it was—doubted not but that her daughter was really dead; for though she talked of fainting every hour of the day herself, still, what is emphatically called a *dead* faint was a spectacle no less strange than shocking to her.' In short, we are to understand that whereas a person of sham sensibility only went into minor swoons and hysterics, the person of true refinement was capable at the right moment of a dead faint. The convention was so thoroughly established—or else the physical constitution of the average woman was so weak—that Lady Juliana, even after a lifetime's practice of the accomplishment, positively took the symptoms seriously. However, she was soon convinced that it was merely an hereditary habit, for on the next morning, when Lady Juliana came down to breakfast, she found sensibility still rampant. As her mother entered, surrounded by pugs, 'again Mary found herself assailed by a variety of powerful emotions. She attempted to rise; but, pale and agitated, she sank back in her chair. Her agitation was unmarked by her mother.' Miss Ferrier records this, let it be observed, as a trait of extreme heartlessness, but a candid observer would merely say that Lady Juliana had learnt a good deal of sense. A lady who was in the

habit of swooning herself could certainly not encourage it in her daughter. Two such sensibilities would overtax the resources of any household. And besides, the proper person to swoon at (if I may be allowed the expression) was a husband, and Mary had not yet got one.

Other instances of this fine quality of emotion in Miss Ferrier could easily be catalogued. In 'Destiny,' the work of her mature years, there is a young man whose face turned pale and whose features 'contracted, as if in agony,' when he kissed the hand of the *fiancée* whom he intended to throw over. That was apparently the masculine equivalent for swooning. Later on in the story this gentleman, Reginald, finds himself in a boat on a Scotch loch with both the ladies who have claims upon him. A squall gets up. Edith, the virtuous heroine, is comparatively unmoved; but Lady Waldegrave, the unauthorised object of Reginald's affections, is overcome. She was not sea-sick, as she undoubtedly would have been—or, at least, her lover did not put that very natural construction upon the facts when, according to the usual formula, she 'sunk back, to all appearance lifeless,' but, as was expected of the soft-hearted men of that day, immediately assumed that she was either dead or dying. He was moved by this belief to a display of demonstrative passion which did not, indeed, upset the boat, as it might well have done, but entirely upset poor Edith, who, being a real heroine, went into a real faint directly she touched the shore. Mrs. Malcolm, who received her, produced from the usual pocket the usual remedies, but, as usual, in vain, till a decent interval had elapsed. The duration of a real heroine's fainting fit cannot be estimated at less than a quarter of an hour.

These instances appear to me sufficient to prove that temporary loss of consciousness was an ordinary incident in the life of a well-bred female. The malady was confined to the upper classes, though it was imitated, as was natural, by ladies' maids. The severity of the attacks would appear, from Miss Ferrier, to have been proportioned to the moral worth of the character. Less estimable persons fainted oftener, but not so thoroughly. Even Miss Austen, who does not deal in the romantic, heroic, or picturesque, gives to this fact in the female constitution a considerable prominence. And it can hardly be denied that this defect or this virtue has been almost entirely eliminated. An interesting series of statistics might be compiled from the novels

of this century to show the dwindling number of faints or hysterical fits per volume in books written by ladies; or it might be expanded to display the various manners in which ladies may exhibit emotion. The extreme point in the other direction is reached when the heroine does not shriek and swoon, but swears a little and calls for whisky and soda to pull herself together. This type of heroine we have not quite reached yet, though George Egerton has approached it in some of her works, and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett in her 'Lady of Quality' throws the ideal to which this age tends (as writers have always been prone to do) back into a preceding century. The reaction from the swooning period began a good while ago; except by some such examination of contemporary fiction as I have suggested, it would be difficult to fix the date. Of course one has to limit the inquiry to the work of lady novelists. Men very naturally upheld the clinging ivy conception of womanhood so long as it was possible. Thackeray and Dickens luxuriated in it; and even in Trollope, though his natural pugnacity inclined him to admire young ladies like Mary Thorne, well able to take their own part and confront boldly man or even woman, there are frequent hints of the same feminine charm. It was, I think, the Brontës who headed the revolt; and they were really and unmistakably pioneers. They preached to their sex that a woman, even if she had the acutest sensibilities, had also the power to control them; and there never was more merciless invective heaped upon any vice than the authoress of 'Villette' lavished upon feminine affectations. The Brontës had the excess which is native to intellectual pioneers. The type of woman whom they presented—a frail, spiritual creature, perfectly ready to hammer a growling bulldog into submission, as Emily Brontë herself is once reported to have done—was not for everyone's imitation. But they brought fortitude into fashion, and they set the example of a hearty contempt for silly weakness. Nerves and the vapours became associated with school-girls. A brilliant novel of Mrs. Oliphant's, 'Miss Marjoribanks,' written about 1866, marks definitely the turn of the tide. When Mrs. Marjoribanks died 'her daughter was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was only natural at that age.' But already she had impressed upon her mind, beside the ideal of sensibility, an ideal of self-control. 'Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage' (on her way home) 'with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at

her papa's dinner parties and charming everybody by her good humour and brightness and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn out, but always heroical, ready to go downstairs and assist at dear papa's breakfast and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients.' Lucilla was then extremely young—that is what Mrs. Oliphant wishes to impress upon us—but a young lady fully bent upon playing a leading part. That she had fixed upon a part superannuated and frankly ridiculous was only part of the comedy of youth and inexperience. Lucilla was destined to develop into a mistress of social strategy; but for the moment her zeal was not according to knowledge, and her conception of feminine attributes and ideals was school-girlish and constructed from old-fashioned novels. And so when Dr. Marjoribanks, poor man, returned from his wife's funeral, possessed with 'a painful weariness' as he realised 'how little real sorrow was in his mind,' his daughter greeted him with a flood of tears and a protestation that she would be a comfort to him if he would let her. I cannot refrain from quoting the delightful passage:

'This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla," but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa, where the doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room. "It is only for this once—I can—cannot help it," she cried. When her father found that he could neither soothe her nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother, too, had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears, and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognise with a thrill of dismay the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.'

Oh, these traitresses to their sex! For centuries male

philosophers and satirists had moralised, declaimed, and railed upon the nerves, the vapours, the spleen, and all the other host of feminine weaknesses; but they had never roused mankind to shake off 'the tyranny of tears,' nor convinced mankind's natural opponent that in the moments of her acutest sensibility she might look a fool. On the contrary, man, as man always will do, taking woman at her own valuation, had held upon the whole that these soft emotions proved irrefragably a kind of kinship with the angels, and there were few indeed who held Swift's opinion that the woman to be admired was one like Stella, who never screamed when she got into a ferryboat. And so the interesting creatures swooned, and screamed, and wept, and sobbed from generation to generation, harrowing the hearts of their lovers and reducing their husbands to despair. It was only when woman herself took up the pen and began basely to open men's eyes to a sense of the ludicrous in this particular situation that all these tender susceptibilities shrivelled like a maidenhair fern exposed to an east wind, and man began to revise his position. The generation to which Dr. Marjoribanks belonged had patiently endured, or fretted with scanty resignation under this same tyranny of tears; but now man suddenly discovered that he had allies in the other camp. There were women who sympathised with man's sufferings under the tyranny of tears and the despotism of hysteria; there were women who, when a lady swooned in public, were ready to dash cold water over her best bib and tucker; and man profited by their example. Woman, that acute strategist, realised that her flank was turned, and shifted her ground; only a few belated stragglers still fight with the old weapons and upon the old lines. Since then there has been a good deal of manœuvring; the positions of the opposing camps are not well defined. Woman, no longer panoplied in weakness, has upon occasions assumed armour of brass, but on the whole she finds it does not suit her. In her new development she is still somewhat in the experimental stage; she has made mistakes, and man has not been grateful to her for the advantage which those mistakes have offered to him in the duel of the sexes. For, as we all know very well in our hearts, even on a bicycle woman is and ought to be our ruler; and we submit meekly to be governed, and console ourselves by reflecting that if there be any truth in records she is a much less inconvenient person to have to do with since the decay and downfall of sensibility.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

### THE OLD MAN'S SON.

IN the luxurious library of one of those immense, brown-stone houses that are the pride and glory of New York, three men, of different ages, sizes, and complexions, were smoking after-dinner cigars. The host, Ralph Brough, who had inherited but lately a round score of his father's millions, was the tallest and broadest and youngest of the three: a stout fellow, with a twinkle in his eye, and more than a dash of chestnut in hair and beard. Opposite Brough, in a chair not too easy, sat his friend and confidential adviser, Stanhope Winslow, a typical New Yorker: thin, admirably dressed, clean-shaven, and middle-aged. And between lawyer and client, warming his silk-clad ankles at the wood fire, lounged the parasite—Dolly Peyton, who was neither young nor beautiful, nor clever, and not even rich: a negative quantity, in short, who couldn't say No to a millionaire's invitation.

'The combination of money and mind,' said Dolly, 'makes the god.'

'True,' replied Ralph Brough. 'Money turns an honest fellow into a graven image that fools fall down before and worship. Money has robbed me, for instance, of my identity. The consciousness of being the old man's son, practically pledged to carry out his ideas and plans, has atrophied—or, at least, paralysed—the ego in me. I'm assured by you, Winslow, by my brother directors in a dozen companies, by my land agents and stewards, by everybody, except a few devoted friends like Dolly here, that my sire's methods are not to be meddled with, not to be criticised even, by his heir. I'm the son of a famous man who made no mistakes but one—myself. The perfect patrix should have been broken, leaving behind no imperfect replica. I dare not stain, yet cannot sustain, the family record. I've done my level best, too. So much so, that I'm beginning to believe that I'm really the father of the man I was.'

'Be true to yourself, dear boy,' said Dolly, puffing contentedly at his big perfecto.

'Myself?' echoed Brough. 'I cannot find myself. Where is that cheery, mirth-loving, simple-minded chap, Ralph Brough? Egad! in his place I see a surly, suspicious fellow, who glares

askance at all his friends, who questions their civilest acts, imputing to them the most ignoble motives. Why, by Heaven! Dolly, I don't know whether you come to my house to dine with me, or to eat what you told me just now was the best dinner in New York!

Stanhope Winslow's clear voice drowned the muttered remonstrance of the parasite.

'Really, Ralph, you are too absurd. If you talk like this outside these doors the world will tell you, not where you are, but where you ought to be—in a lunatic asylum. You have youth, health, strength, and twenty millions. What more do you ask of Fortune?'

'I want my lost self, Winslow. At present I'm masquerading as the shade of my father. Can twenty millions compensate a fellow for the loss of himself?'

'Brough,' said the parasite, 'why don't you marry that nice, charming Cynthia Chamberlin, whom you once adored?'

'I adore her still. Your advice, my dear Peyton, is excellent. In marrying her I should find, at any rate, my better half, but I cannot offer that sweet girl a shadow. If I could find her old lover and take him to her, and make them both happy, I'd cheerfully chuck the twenty millions into the sea. With my mother's small fortune and Cynthia I verily believe I should feel myself again.'

'I'll take the millions,' said Winslow, thinking of a large overdraft at his banker's, and the Christmas bills still unpaid.

'So will I,' said the parasite. 'I'd do more than that to oblige a friend.'

Brough rose from his chair, threw his cigar into the fire, and began to pace up and down the library.

'It would be an interesting experiment,' he said gravely. 'I should sacrifice power, which scares me more than nitro-glycerine; position, that raises me unduly above my fellows; and a few friends,' he looked keenly at Peyton; 'but I should gain,' he threw back his head and squared his shoulders, 'freedom and Cynthia. My dear Winslow,' the light faded from his face, 'your offer to relieve me of this hideous responsibility does credit to your heart. But I dare not accept it. I cannot take an unfair advantage of a friend. Twenty millions would crush you.'

'They wouldn't crush me,' murmured Dolly.

'No,' said Ralph, coolly surveying this small *arbiter elegant*



*tiarum*, this Petronius of tea-fights and germans. 'You are not easily crushed.' Then he turned to Winslow, and his tone changed. 'You were joking, of course; you, who know better than I the pains and perils that encompass this particular twenty millions; you, who know that my father worked harder than the meanest clerk in his employ; you, who know that the undivided attention this estate demands might cost you the love of your wife and children; you, knowing all these things and more, would *not* shoulder this burden? Answer me truly.'

Stanhope Winslow answered promptly:

'Knowing all these things, I would take your father's estate, and administer it to the best of my ability, and in accordance with his instructions. The *pros* in my eyes would outweigh the *cons*. I would accept the trust—gladly.'

A silence followed; Brough stood still in deepest thought; the lawyer lighted a fresh cigar, and the fingers that held the match trembled; the parasite assumed a stolid expression of disgust.

'Then, by Heaven! you shall have it,' said Brough suddenly. 'You are older and wiser than I, and appear to have the faith that can move mountains. Take pencil and paper, and draw up at once a rough memorandum of agreement between us. I'll transfer to you the sole charge of my father's estate for one year. During that time you will receive and use the income as you see fit. That is yours. One year from date I shall either assume control of, or deed the entire property to—you. If I decide to deed it, you hereby pledge yourself to accept it. You will emphasise the clause that binds you to administer the trust strictly in accordance with the terms of my father's will. So far as possible you will assume his toga that fits me so ungracefully. Write it out in duplicate, and I'll sign it to-night.'

The parasite rose, clothed by a greater tailor than Poole—virtuous indignation.

'Brough,' he said solemnly, 'if you do this mad thing I shall be compelled to cut your acquaintance. I cannot call a lunatic my friend.'

Ralph laughed loudly.

'Get to work, Winslow,' he cried joyously. 'Your friend here—he is your friend now: he goes with the money—will witness the signatures.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind,' retorted Dolly. 'I protest,

Winslow, against this mad proceeding. Brough, I consider, is not fit to be at large. He is insane.'

He moved, chin in air, to the door; from the threshold he fired a Parthian shot.

'You mentioned, Brough, a young lady whom I have the honour to know. If you think that this quixotic folly will commend you to the daughter of Judge Chamberlin, you are vastly mistaken!'

The door closed behind him, and Brough laughed again. Winslow rose from his chair and took the young man's hand, looking hard into his eyes.

'Ralph, my boy; this is a joke, isn't it? You wanted to amuse yourself at Peyton's expense?'

'You don't know Dolly, Winslow. One can't even joke—at his expense. No, I'm serious. We'll draft that agreement to-night. But hold on! How about Cynthia—eh?'

'She's a charming girl,' replied the lawyer, evasively. 'The world has expected the announcement of your engagement for the past three months.'

'I'll propose to-morrow,' said Ralph. 'I ought to have asked the question long ago, but I shirked it. Now I can take to her the man who loves her to distraction. Gad! I feel as if I'd been born again.'

Early, unwarrantably early, the next morning, Ralph Brough knocked gaily at the door of Mrs. Chamberlin's old-fashioned house in Gramercy Square. It was opened by Uncle Bonaparte, the darky butler, who grinned sympathetically at the sight of 'Marse' Ralph's beaming face. Brough slipped a bill into his hand when he learned that Cynthia was well and within. Then he was ushered into the library—a room but seldom used since Judge Chamberlin's death. The walls were mellow with calf and vellum, but the air was charged with the odour of ancient books, folios encrusted with dust, exhaling dead dogmas and doctrines. Outside, Spring was touching with magic fingers the buds upon the trees; inside, Winter still lingered, dark and forbidding.

'I hate that smell of decay,' said Ralph, sniffing. 'This old room is like a vault. Egad! it is the tomb of the Judge's ambitions. Here he used to sit nursing disappointment.'

He drummed with his strong hands upon the window pane, for Cynthia was long a-coming. None the less, when the girl entered, clad in the costly simplicity of plain grey cloth, a gown that dis-

played to perfection her tall, slender figure, he told her enthusiastically that she had not wasted time in prinking. Cynthia assured him that he was mistaken. She had been detained by business of importance.

'I detest that word,' said Ralph. 'And what do you know about business?'

'More than you think, sir. Mamma has no head for figures, but I—— Why, Ralph, how well you look!'

'You notice a change?' chuckled Brough.

'I do, indeed. Since your father's death you have been so—so moody, so unlike yourself.'

'Cynthia, to-day, I have, so to speak, found myself.'

His eyes were sparkling. A more gallant youth never smiled into his sweetheart's face. He led the girl to a couch and seated himself beside her, retaining her hand in his.

'Cynthia,' he whispered, 'which did you like best—the young fellow who came a-courting you six months ago, or the solemn, sober, careworn man who has since called, formally, once or twice a fortnight?'

Smiling sweetly, she confessed:

'I thought the sober, solemn signor horrid, quite horrid.'

'And the other?'

She turned aside her graceful head. Upon the soft white nape of her neck fluttered a tiny blonde curl. Ralph, at a loss for words, kissed the curl, and encountering nothing more terrifying than a shy glance, kissed the cheek conveniently near, and then the lady's lips.

'My dearest,' he said fervently, 'that old stick wasn't fit to marry his grandmother. He might have spared his wife a minute or two when business was less pressing than usual, but the other,' he took her into his arms, 'the other, my sweet, will give you all his life.'

'I don't understand,' she murmured.

'You shall,' he replied, releasing her and rising to his feet. 'You see here, my love, a man who refuses to wear his father's broadcloth. He prefers his own modest but lively check.'

'But, Ralph——'

'You look bewildered, Cynthia. Wait. You must let me gang my ain gait. Listen!'

He paused, and when he continued the levity of his tone had given place to a manly and emphatic gravity. 'My father,' said he, 'accumulated a fortune of twenty millions, but he died at

fifty-four a prematurely old man, worn out, broken down. My mother,' his voice faltered, 'died when I was a boy at school. I know now what I suspected then—that she died miserably of neglect.'

'Of neglect?'

'Yes—of neglect. She lived alone in a splendid house, with not a wish left ungratified save the one supreme yearning for a husband's love and companionship. Other women have consoled themselves with other interests, but my mother was peculiar: intense, ardent, and devoted to the man who swore to love and cherish her. I'm like her in that respect. I hold love to be the supreme thing—the rest is leather and prunello. I feel that I cannot serve at once Love and Mammon. My father made his choice, and the world knows that he reaped his reward. I, Cynthia, have made my choice. Upon one side lies the pile, twenty millions; upon the other stands the sweetest maid in New York. I choose the maiden.'

She rose and faced him. Perplexity pinched her brows and clouded her lovely hazel eyes.

'You have chosen me. And what have you done with——'

'The millions? I've handed them over to Stanhope Winslow. He was unwise enough to accept them.'

The girl's lips were very white.

'Did you think he would refuse them, that lean, hungry-looking lawyer?'

'I did. I gave him credit that was not his due. He has the national disease badly. Yes, he was fool enough to relieve me of an intolerable burden. I should like to believe that he did it out of kindness; but no, the lust of gold blazed in his eyes. Why, Cynthia!'

She had lightly approached him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder with caressing touch.

'Dear Ralph,' she whispered softly, 'you are joking; you wished to test my love for you. Oh, you stupid boy!'

Her laughter fell lightly upon a silence. Then Brough took her hand and kissed it.

'It's no joke,' he said gravely. 'I never doubted you, dear; I knew that you would approve. We shall have enough to live on, and something to give away. We can travel. I was thinking, as I walked down town, that we would spend our honeymoon in Brittany. We might bike together this summer through Morbihan and Finistère.'

She was standing before him with downcast eyes. Now she looked up.

'Then you took my consent for granted?'

Brough had the grace to blush.

'I did,' he murmured. 'I was sure that you loved me as I love you. And—and I stand here justified, eh?'

She walked to the old-fashioned hearth, and leaned against the heavy oaken mantel. Her face was very pale, and her pallor, so Brough noted, subtly infused itself like an aura around her; the room grew colourless.

'You have done a dishonourable thing,' she said slowly and bitterly. 'You've obtained from me caresses under false pretences. You look astonished. Did you think I was the kind of woman to marry a coward?'

'A coward?' he stammered.

'Is it not cowardice,' she continued vehemently, 'to shirk responsibility, to hand over to another the burdens that God——'

'Hold!' he cried hoarsely. 'Don't mention the Deity in connection with my father's millions. The Devil owns a controlling interest in them.'

He interrupted her so savagely, with such fire and sarcasm, that she changed her tone. Cynthia was essentially feminine, and a mistress of a woman's weapons. When she spoke again her voice trembled, and her eyes were wet.

'Ralph, dearest Ralph, don't look at me so cruelly! Let us talk this over rationally. You are your father's son.'

'I am not,' he replied hotly. 'My mother's blood flows warm and swift in my veins. As her child I find myself ill equipped to play the part my father has assigned me, but I respect his wishes. They shall be carried out according to the letter and spirit of his will by another and more competent instrument.'

'You rank Stanhope Winslow higher than yourself?'

'I never said so. He is a machine, as my father was; I am a man.'

'Ralph, to please me, give up this mad scheme. Let us manage your father's estate together. I'll help you. Your cares shall be my cares; your burden shall be shared by me.'

She wooed him with the witchery of voice and glance; and what son of Adam can withstand such pleading? Brough, weighing her soft phrases, banished a frown, but couldn't summon a smile.

'Tell me,' he answered solemnly, 'as between man and woman,

with God as witness, do you love me, Ralph Brough, or do you love the heir of Henry Brough ?'

Irresolution quivered upon her lips and fled. Evasion, with this man's keen eyes upon her, was not to be entertained. She boldly burned her ships.

'I love you,' she said tenderly and not untruthfully. 'You, Ralph—you, who have had my heart in your keeping for two years.'

'All your heart, Cynthia ?'

'Yes, all, but——'

'Then I cannot hesitate. Without you I might have been tempted by the power that great wealth commands; with you by my side I despise it. To-morrow I shall deed to Winslow that ill-gotten heap of gold. There is plenty of work for both of us to do—burdens to bear in common. We shall not live idle lives. *Cynthia!*'

As he spoke she had shrunk from his side, and so shrinking the beauty had dropped from her face like a fair mask, exposing what lay mean and ugly beneath. The despair of the gambler who has lost his last stake twisted her lower lip; baffled ambition lurked beneath her half-closed eyes; upon her brow was written a sordid confession that her lover was forced to read.

And, reading it, line upon line, the light and comeliness faded from his own face. He staggered, as if smitten by an unseen hand; then he drew himself up, bowed, and passed from her presence.

As the door closed she called to him faintly: 'Ralph!'

But if he heard he paid no heed.

Thalia treads blithely in the footprints of her sister Melpomene. Brough walked up town abjectly miserable; nay, more—he was sensible of a third change in his personality. He felt possessed of a strange spirit, ill at ease in fleshly garments, out of tune with life, smarting beneath the sting of the gadfly failure. Opposite his favourite club—he quickened his pace as he passed that hospitable door—he was hailed loudly by a friend, Jimmy d'Aguilar, in whose company he had spent a couple of pleasant months the year before tarpon fishing in Florida. D'Aguilar dragged Brough into the club-house, ordered whisky and soda, and assured his friend that he had been hunting him for three hours.

'Ralph,' he said earnestly, 'I'm worried to death about you. You're lookin' peaky—not half the chap you were. It's this beastly business that is usin' you up. You look soft and pulpy, and I see black lines under your peepers. Now I want you to

take a holiday and play about with me. We'll nip off to California. I've heard of some amazin' fishin' to be had there—tuna fishin'. It knocks the spots out of tarpon. What d'ye say?'

Brough said nothing for a couple of minutes; then he quietly consented to go, provided a start could be made at once. Jimmy d'Aguilar had his faults: he dropped, in conversation, the final 'g,' having lost it, indeed, in England in the very best society; and he confessed frankly that he could not understand George Meredith, and preferred comic opera to Ibsen; but Brough knew him to be a gentleman and a sportsman. The mention of California suggested the Pacific, which soothed his aching nerves. He wanted to escape into the wilderness. Assuredly the finger of Providence pointed due west.

'By the way,' said Jimmy, 'that pompous little ass, Dolly Peyton, dropped in here late last night; had some absurd yarn about you; swore by Jupiter that you were as mad as a March hare; told us that you had given old Winslow a cool twenty millions—your daddy's pile.'

'It's true,' said Brough coldly. 'I have, or rather I shall.'

D'Aguilar stared open-mouthed at his friend.

'You've given Winslow twenty millions?'

'He has been fool enough to accept it.'

Jimmy whistled.

'He was not the biggest fool in that deal. Well, I am damned!'

'You ought to be,' said Brough grimly. 'I permit no man to call me a fool.'

'Then, my boy, it's time you left New York. I see now why you're in such a deuce of a hurry to bolt. If you tarry here they'll lock you up. Now, be calm; don't get any madder than you are already. I—I suppose you would not care to listen to my advice?'

'Thank you—no,' said Brough.

'Of course,' murmured Jimmy thoughtfully, 'there's a petticoat in the business. It must belong to Cynthia—the blooming Cynthia.'

'We will leave Miss Chamberlin's name alone.'

'Miss Chamberlin! Then it is Cynthia. Has she refused you? Is she as crazy as you are? Or is there ano—'

He stopped suddenly, aghast at the change in Brough's face. Ralph was livid with rage and speechless.

'I beg pardon,' said D'Aguilar contritely. 'I see you're hard hit, and my chaff must have been most offensive. Forgive me, Ralph.'



Brough nodded and gulped down some whisky. He could not trust himself to speak. Jimmy finished his drink in silence and compounded another, adding plenty of ice. He was hot with apprehension, not for himself but for his friend. He feared that Brough was insane, possibly in need of a strait-waistcoat. Brough's next words confirmed these horrible suspicions.

'I'm not myself,' he said hoarsely. 'Curse it! I've not been myself for six months. Can a man lose his identity because he inherits twenty millions?'

'You're O.K.,' replied Jimmy, nervously. 'Put some more ice into your drink, old chap. Cool yourself.'

'Can we leave to-night?' asked Brough abruptly.

D'Aguilar, albeit no coward, paled visibly. To travel three thousand miles shut up in the private drawing-room of a Pullman car alone with a lunatic is not an alluring prospect.

'N-not t-t-to-night,' he stammered.

'To-morrow night, then?'

'Right you are,' said Jimmy, recovering his nerve; 'to-morrow night—unless something occurs to upset our little plans.'

Brough replied impatiently that nothing short of a cataclysm would interfere with *his* plans; that he would be at the Central to take the Limited; that if Jimmy failed him he would travel to California alone. Then he rose and begged to be excused.

'Goin' home?' said Jimmy, artfully.

Brough told him that he expected to reach home in about an hour, and to stay there for the rest of the day.

As soon as he had gone D'Aguilar went to the telephone and rang up the house in Gramercy Square. Mrs. Chamberlin was Jimmy's kinswoman, and he called Cynthia cousin. Now, Jimmy rode straight to hounds, and applied the same principle that steered him successfully across a stiff country to all the affairs of life. Accordingly he called boldly for Miss Chamberlin, but was not surprised when Cynthia's mother came to the 'phone. From her he learned that Cynthia was prostrate after a long *tête-à-tête* with Ralph Brough. Mrs. Chamberlin, however, very properly refused to discuss family matters through the medium of a common carrier, but she entreated Jimmy to come down town at once. As D'Aguilar was pulling on his gloves, Dolly Peyton entered the club. The sportsman despised the parasite, but, as he expressed it afterwards, he was 'glad to use a worm if trout wouldn't rise to a fly.' So he led Dolly aside and asked for the facts about Brough. These were soon in his possession.

'I was there,' concluded Peyton. 'And I made my protest. I considered that my duty. I've seen a good deal of poor Brough lately.'

'Poor Brough!' said Jimmy drily. 'Yes, I know you have.'

'I've been of use to him, D'Aguilar, and all that. He needed trimming—eh?'

'Couldn't have found a better man to do the trimmin',' said Jimmy.

'Thank you, D'Aguilar. Brough, you and I know, is—well, there's too much rough in Brough.'

He tittered feebly at his small joke, and Jimmy frowned.

'The best fellow in New York,' said Jimmy.

'Quite so—yes, quite so; but kinky, not to be unkind.'

'Is he?' Dolly nodded and tapped his own head. 'You don't say—cracked? I should like your honest opinion. You don't mean to tell me that Brough is really mad?'

Dolly fixed his pale blue eyes upon the tips of his well-varnished boots; then he said emphatically that Brough was not fit to be at large. Fortified by this opinion Jimmy summoned a hansom and was driven at an illegal rate of speed to Gramercy Square. Mrs. Chamberlin received him in the drawing-room and shook her stately head at the mention of Cynthia's name. The young lady, it seemed, was shut up in her bed-chamber, and had refused the mother both admittance and confidence.

'She takes after the poor dear Judge,' said Mrs. Chamberlin, tearfully. 'She has my figure and complexion, but nothing else, James, nothing else.'

Jimmy nodded a doleful assent. In appearance his kinswoman was a credit to her breeding and her dressmaker. Her aquiline nose, her arched brows, her slender hands and feet, proclaimed the dame of pedigree; but both forehead and chin retreated, the one into a charming front of silvery curls, and the other into an equally artistic *jabot*. The Judge, it is pertinent to add, had been distinguished in the possession of a most commanding brow and an equally prominent chin, and these features had been reproduced *in petto* upon the face of his daughter.

'What has happened?' said Jimmy.

Mrs. Chamberlin's answer, stripped of verbiage, was this: she had been apprised by Uncle Bonaparte of Ralph's arrival and departure; the old servant had commented freely upon the young man's appearance—his jovial, gallant bearing *coming*, and his

despairing mien and sorry deportment *going*; from Cynthia she had gleaned no information whatsoever.

'Do you think she'd see me?' said Jimmy, miserably conscious that something ought to be done and feeling quite impotent to do it. 'I've known her since she was a tot, and old Ralph is my best friend. Suppose now you tell her that I must see her at once—make it imperative; say that I've just come from Ralph, that in his interest, in her interest, in—put it strong—in the interest of humanity, she cannot refuse to give me a hearin'.'

Mrs. Chamberlin hurried upstairs, and Jimmy told himself that James d'Aguilar had not been found lacking in the hour of need. Presently Cynthia walked composedly in, shut the door, locked it, and asked Jimmy what he wanted. D'Aguilar, noting her red eyelids, looked at the carpet as he answered: 'I want to know why you refused to marry Ralph Brough. I'm your cousin and——'

'A very distant cousin,' said Cynthia.

Jimmy took her hand into his and pressed it sympathetically.

'You've no cousin nearer to you than I am, dear. Tell me the truth. Ralph loves you, and you love him. Don't you dare to deny it! Why have you refused to marry him?'

A faint colour illumined the girl's cheeks, and her eyes softened at sight of Jimmy's kindly face; but her lips remained tightly pressed together.

'He was here this morning to ask you to marry him. Uncle Bonaparte says he was "smilin' wus'n a possum" when he came, but went away looking as if he'd been hit with a fence-rail. You won't speak? Very well—I *will*. I know why you refused to marry poor Ralph, and I approve the reason. You did right, my dearest girl. Under the circumstances you were bound to crucify your own feelings. I honour you, Cynthia; I respect you; I admire you; I am proud to count myself of kin to you.'

Cynthia listened to this panegyric with tingling ears.

'And now,' continued Jimmy, 'now that we understand each other——'

'Understand each other!' cried Cynthia, scornfully. 'I'll tell you why I refused to marry Ralph: because I'm a wicked fool—not fit to be his wife. He will never speak to me again as long as he lives; but if he stood where you're standing now and repeated his offer I would take him gladly—oh, so gladly!'

Her voice died away in a sob.

'You would marry him *in his present condition*?' asked Jimmy, sternly.

'I would—I would. If he came to me in rags I'd marry him, and thank God for giving me such a man.'

'Then I say,' retorted Jimmy warmly, 'that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're not a bread-and-butter miss; you're twenty-two, and know the ropes. Yet you think only of yourself.'

'And whom should I think of, pray?'

D'Aguilar wiped his forehead. For a bachelor the situation was hardly tenable.

'Well,' he stammered, scarlet with confusion, 'th-th-there are others—er—the g-g-generations yet unb-b-born. Would you dare to run the risk of transmitting such a fearful taint as——'

He stopped, for Cynthia was marching with outraged dignity to the door. As he paused, she turned and transfixed the preacher with a glance of cutting disdain.

'James d'Aguilar,' she said coldly, 'you have been drinking! I suspected as much when I received your extraordinary message. Now I know it. Let me pass, sir!'

Jimmy had interposed his large person between her and the door.

'I've had two small whiskies,' he said solemnly; 'but drunk or sober I'll ask you the question I came here to ask: What made you suspect that Ralph Brough was insane?'

'Insane?'

'Aye—insane. That is why you refused him. You could not marry a madman.'

'And who dares to say that Ralph Brough is a madman?'

Jimmy tried to whip up his scattering wits.

'Who said so?' he repeated vaguely. 'Let me see—who the deuce did say so? Why—why, Dolly Peyton, to be sure.'

Cynthia's eyes were blazing.

'Dolly Peyton!' she echoed. 'An excellent authority to cite. Dolly Peyton indeed! And who else?'

'He has given the old man's pile—twenty millions—to Stanhope Winslow.'

Cynthia laughed, but behind the silvery crescendo of her laughter lurked tears.

'And because of that you and your precious friend Mr. Dolly Peyton brand him as a madman. Let me tell you that it is we who are mad; yes, raving mad in our greed of gain; we who covet the very stars in heaven, and die miserable and dissatisfied if they do not drop into our hands. You know that Ralph's father sacri-

ficed everything and everybody to his insensate ambition, and you know that my unhappy father did the same; the one was successful as we maniacs interpret success, and the other wasn't—and now both are dead. And to-day, when my lover came to me and told me that he could not serve at once Love and Mammon, I—I sent him away from me, wretch that I am, because in my madness and folly I still worshipped false gods. I staked my heart and his against that twenty millions and lost both. Oh! Ralph, Ralph, Ralph!’

She fell on her knees before a divan and buried her face in the cushions. Jimmy was so upset that he lost at once his head and his manners. Flight, to him, seemed the one thing desirable and possible. So he unlocked the door and—fled.

Fate, meantime, had not smiled upon Ralph Brough. Upon leaving the club he had taken himself and his sorrows to Central Park, or, as he preferred to put it—Nature. The dame, in unsympathetic mood, exhibited billing birds, amorous nurse-girls with their escorts, and other outward and visible signs of love. So Ralph, groaning in spirit, soon turned his steps homeward. As he hung up his hat in the hall a servant told him that Stanhope Winslow was awaiting him in the library. Brough knew his Chief Inquisitor too well to doubt what the lawyer's first question would be.

‘You’ve been to Gramercy Square, Ralph. Congratulations, of course, are in order.’

To this greeting Brough responded with so surly a shake of his head that Winslow was silenced.

‘I’m going to California,’ said this unhappy young man. ‘I start to-morrow night on the Limited. Between now and then we must fix up our affairs.’

These sentences, snapped out in a dull, sullen tone, were pregnant with meaning to Winslow. Dolly Peyton, he reflected, had proved a prophet. Cynthia Chamberlin had refused to marry a lamb shorn of its golden fleece.

‘Winslow,’ said Brough suddenly, ‘I’ve turned over the old man’s pile to you because I believe that you’re the one fellow this side of Styx who can handle it as it ought to be handled. At the same time it’s my conviction that the responsibility is more than you, the father of a family, can shoulder alone, and, believing this, am I a coward to run away?’

When the ugly word was spoken Ralph was sensible of a feeling of relief. It had sizzled in his mind ever since it fell red-

hot from Cynthia's curling lips. The lawyer evaded the question. 'As far as I'm concerned,' he said, 'you can rest easy. It's a big burden, but there are big compensations. I'm a family man, Ralph, as you say, and my family has never forgiven me for not being able to make a pile for myself. I made money for your father—he was good enough to say that my advice was worth half a million a year to him—and I've made money for you. But my own speculations have proved disastrous. I earn a very handsome income and I spend every cent of it. My wife, my daughters, my sons are—er—extravagant. Now, when I die what will become of them? I carry a life insurance of one hundred thousand dollars. What is that? Now you come forward and throw to me, a drowning man, not a straw but a stack. The income from your estate for one year will assure the future of my family; and, Ralph, I swear to you before God that if I were assured that the responsibility I assume would kill me within the year, none the less I would take it gladly and gratefully.'

Brough was strangely moved by the confidence of this thin-lipped, self-restrained man of business; this machine. He had a bowing acquaintance with Mrs. Winslow, and recalled her as a tall, stylish woman, with white aggressive teeth and a pronounced manner. She was famous for her dinners: white dinners, green dinners, yellow dinners, and her cards were printed with an uncanonical hyphen between the Stanhope and the Winslow. The boys had the reputation of being 'sporty,' and the girls' names and portraits had appeared in the public prints embellishing Paquin skirts and Virot hats. Poor old Winslow! So these vampires had sucked the blood from his thin white face. Poor old chap!

Brough held out his hand in silence. Then he burst out again: 'She called me a coward, Winslow; a coward! Am I one? You won't answer the question, and I can't. I'd like to show her that the word was ill chosen. I loved her so dearly that I would not let this awful duty cloud her future; but *now*—with only myself to think of—shall I shirk it? I must get away for a season, but I shall return and——'

The sentence was never finished; for Jimmy d'Aguilar, with the tails of his frock coat streaming behind him, and in a condition generally that indicated profound mental and physical distress, bounced suddenly and unceremoniously into the room. Stanhope Winslow adjusted his pince-nez, and stared amazedly at the intruder; Brough frowned.

'I say,' gasped Jimmy, 'I say, Ralph, you're playin' in luck—d'ye know it? 'Tisn't every Johnnie has the friends you have! Yes, sir, you can bet on me every time. Now, don't stand gapin' there like a canary with the pip. Clap on a hat and make your record. There's not a minute to lose.'

He grasped his astonished friend by the arm and led him to the window.

'She's cryin' her pretty eyes out,' he whispered. 'I left her wailin' like a lost soul. And I knew it was no use my tryin' to comfort the poor dear. It was Ralph, Ralph, Ralph. A dose of James would have made her delirious. So I just cut and run. Outside, I got my head, and came on straight here. She says she'll take you in rags—in *rags*, d'ye hear?—so you needn't wait to curl your hair. There's a fresh hansom outside with a rippin' horse in it, and——'

Brough tore lose from Jimmy's encircling arm, and left the room no less violently than his friend had entered it. The front door slammed; Ralph was seen to leap into the hansom, the cabby applied the whip, and then James d'Aguilar sank limply into a chair, and called faintly for liquid refreshment.

Later, Stanhope Winslow asked mildly for an explanation.

'What does it mean?' replied Jimmy. 'It means, sir, a marriage. The slam of that big door proclaimed the banns. Brough and I were off to California to-morrow, but 'twill take something stronger than a locomotive to pull him from the white arms of Cynthia Chamberlin. Won't you join me? No? Never drink before luncheon—eh? Well, sir, there's an awful joke on me. Yes, there is. I took Brough for a lunatic; a stark, staring maniac. I was certain that he ought to be locked up. That ass, Dolly Peyton, said he must be raving mad because he'd given you twenty million dollars.'

'That is not so,' said Winslow, in his most precise manner. 'I—I have undertaken—er—temporarily the care and management of my client's innumerable interests—upon terms that—er—only concern the principals. A year hence he will step once more into his father's shoes. They will fit him more easily twelve months hence, because, while it is true that he inherits from his mother an ardent and tender disposition, yet he is—I'm sure you'll admit—in energy, capacity, and *tenacity*—the old man's son.'

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.



# SUDAN RECOLLECTIONS.

BY LIEUT. H. C. B. HOPKINSON, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

WE were a curious polyglot community; the superior officers British, the inferior of many races: Tall, soldier-like Kurds, their wild natures tempered by the habits of discipline and subordination; fair-haired Albanians, proud of the land of their birth, and professing a certain skill in arms; descendants of the Mamelukes; burly Turks; subtle, town-bred Egyptians, as well as their heavier Fellaheen brethren; black Sudanese, who had risen from the ranks; Circassians; and admixtures of most of these races. The men were either Fellaheen or black Sudanese, who many of them had been formerly Dervish Riflemen, and had fought against us time and again, had seen the fall of Khartoum, the destruction of Hicks's ill-fated army, the *débâcle* at Baker's Teb, and many other stricken fields.

The Fellaheen, patient, enduring, ox-like men, do not call for much comment; though capable of being worked up to a high state of efficiency and discipline, and though second to none as workers, they are not by nature soldiers. Their hearts are in their native villages on the banks of the Nile; they look forward longingly to the day of their release from military service, when they may return to their tillage, tend their cattle and their date-trees, look to their water-wheels, and slumber through the heat of the day in some shady corner.

With the black it is far different. He is by nature a fighting man and a soldier, and loves fighting for fighting's sake. We had representatives of many tribes in our ranks, all with their tribal characteristics: Trusty Shillooks; long, lithe Dinkas; rugged Nubas; Furs, of whom it is said that every man is a thief (no pun is intended on the Latin equivalent) and every woman no better than she need be. Then there were members of the cannibal tribes, Nyum-nyum and Fertite; and men from far Bagirma and from the head waters of the Congo. Some of these had been in the old Khedivial Army, and had even fought against us in the ranks of Arabi's army at Tel-el-Kebir and had helped to work the guns at Alexandria; and they had

almost to a man led lives teeming with adventure and of the deepest interest. There was one old black officer in a regiment with which I served, by name Ali Gifoon, of the Shillook tribe. He had been captured by the Gallaba-slave traders as a boy, had been enlisted in the Khedivial Army, had gone with the contingent sent to help the French arms in Mexico, and now wears on his breast, in addition to his numerous other decorations, the Mexican medal and a gold medal given by the Emperor of the French 'for valour.' Another officer in the same battalion, named Omar, had accompanied Stanley through 'darkest Africa,' and for his services had been promoted from the ranks. Poor Omar! he was an untamable savage, with a hopeless liking for strong liquors, and I am afraid he was of little use as an officer; amongst his belongings were two Pygmies. With reference to these Pygmies, I remember once or twice in the Sudan coming across slaves who, from their diminutive stature and physique, must have been very nearly related to those strange dwarfed inhabitants of the Central African forests.

On another occasion when, in 1896, the Egyptian Army occupied Debba, amongst the Dervish Gehadiehs who fell into our hands was a negro with quite red hair and beard, and a sort of curious red-coppery complexion. We were told by some of our blacks that he belonged to a cannibal tribe from some very distant country. On our questioning him as to his reputed *penchant* for human flesh, he smilingly admitted the soft impeachment.

Our blacks were full of curious superstitions, with, strange to say, an implicit belief in their white officers' powers as averters of the evil effects of magic. Often have I known a stalwart Nafar (private) come before his commanding officer in the orderly room with the complaint that he had been bewitched, and go away quite happy with a letter to the Hakeem to give him some medicine to break the charm. Often was one told on the rifle-range by a man that his rifle was bewitched, and one broke the supposed spell by loading it for him, or by firing a round or two oneself.

The Fertites were supposed by the other men to turn into hyænas at night and to dig up and eat the dead; and my old black servant used gravely to inform me, if sometimes I hazarded a remark as to the noise a hyæna was making, 'That is no hyæna, that is the voice of Sabr Effendi,' the said Sabr Effendi being a black captain in the battalion. This same old servant was a great character, and quite dog-like in his fidelity. Poor old man! the shaking about on a camel, and the wear and tear of campaigning,

proved too much for him, and he developed a weak heart. I managed, however, to obtain a good post for him in Lower Egypt, and I hope that his shadow has increased since last I saw him. He had been in the old army, and had been stationed at Debba in the first days of Mahdism; had taken part in a great fight there, in which the Dervishes were defeated with heavy loss, and returned there with me in 1896. One day he appeared before me in great excitement, saying, 'I have found my daughter.' 'I didn't know you had one, Selim,' said I. 'Neither did I until to-day. She was still unborn when I left her here, and her mother died in giving birth to her.' 'Then how on earth can you tell that she is your daughter after all these years, and since you have never set eyes on her?' 'By her resemblance to me!' This seemed to me such an extraordinary claim to kinship by two blacks who had probably neither of them owned a looking-glass, and who were exactly like the rest of their fellows, that it left me speechless. However, the old man was perfectly pleased and satisfied, and eventually carried the girl north with him and installed her in his family.

After Selim left me I had an Egyptian servant, one of our Camel Corps troopers; he was also a most excellent, devoted fellow. Wounded at Omdurman, he yet managed to get out of hospital in a day or two, and attended me in my journey down the Nile to the Citadel Hospital in Cairo, and hardly left me, day or night, until he had seen me safe on board the ship at Alexandria, *en route* for home.

I was always curious to find out exactly how the inhabitants of the Sudan regarded the Mahdi, whether he was looked on as an impostor or as a prophet who had had bad luck; but it was very difficult to get a decided expression of opinion. 'Who knows?' was the general answer. My black bugler Faragalla, an ex-Dervish, was the most expansive. 'Wallahi,' he would say; 'he was a great man. He knew how to direct his own men's bullets straight, and how to turn his enemies' bullets to harmless rain. If he had lived, things would not have been as they are now.' 'What about Abu Klea?' I said. 'He was not present; he never saw defeat!' was the reply. This was so true that I changed the subject, and asked him what he thought of Osman Digna. 'Ottman Digna?' he said. 'Ottman Digna? He works by magic; he writes in the sand; and if the letters spell victory he remains, but if they spell defeat he goes.'

The black is an extremely uxorious man, and in the Egyptian Army they were all allowed to marry, and a certain percentage were placed on the married strength and received an allowance for the maintenance of their wives and families. With his wife and family near him, the black is absolutely happy. The woman waits upon him, cooks for him the savoury messes his soul loveth, and ministers generally to his comfort; the children are his heart's delight, and he never seems so happy as when he is playing with them. The surest way to a black man's heart is through his family, and, with judicious allowance for his feelings in this direction, he is the easiest creature in the world to manage and control. It is to be hoped that in the 'Black Empire' of the future no man will think himself strong enough to arbitrarily sever the black troops from their families.

At Wadi Halfa, Assouan, and Suakin the black regiments had their married lines outside their cantonments, and as soon as parade was over they were to be seen hurrying off to them. A certain number in each company were allowed to sleep there every night; and on Fridays, the Mussulman's Sunday, the 'Haremat Lines' held high carnival. The tomtoms banged unceasingly; the men sat on the shady sides of the houses, clad in snowy shirt and drawers, with their families round them, and in the evening there was nearly always held a 'Dileuka' or dance, the members of each tribe joining together and performing their tribal dance—as a rule, a curious, posturing shuffle, descriptive of the various incidents of love and war. As the evening wore on the fun grew fast and furious, the torches flared, the drums banged, the dancers shouted their war-cries, until at last the bugles sounded 'lights out,' the revelry died away, and these happy savages went off to bed like tired children, to wake on the next day ready for the military routine of a new week.

When the forward movement commenced, in the beginning of 1896, of course the wives and families had to be left behind. But as we advanced into the Dervish country their black sisters flocked from slavery to join the troops; and as the Dervishes retreated or were defeated they left numbers of women and children behind them, amongst whom our troops discovered many sisters, mothers, and even former wives. The woman question soon became a serious one. The Mahommedan law allows a man a plurality of wives; our men had not seen their families for months, and were anxious to form new ties; many women had

died at Assouan and Halfa in the cholera epidemic, and there were corresponding widowers in our ranks ripe for consolation. So, wisely enough, men, under certain conditions, were allowed to marry, and soon little villages sprang up round all the cantonments. The men who had permission took unto themselves their dusky brides, and in many cases adopted the small Dervish children, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. The little villages, built of dried grass or mud, were kept scrupulously clean; military police were made responsible for order; and the most prominent lady was elected Sheikha, and with the assistance of the oldest non-commissioned officer and some black commissioned officer settled all disputes; and never were there more orderly, law-abiding communities. When the troops left the Dongola province for further operations south, the grass widows were sent down to Wadi Halfa to join the other families, and it is to be hoped that by now all have been happily reunited at Fashoda, Khartoum, or wheresoever the bread-winner may happen to be stationed. I mention all this because one's thoughts cannot help turning to Uganda and to poor Thruston, whom we all knew and liked so much; and with the opening-up of a vast Black Empire and the employment of numbers of black troops, I think that a word in season is not amiss, and that a useful moral may be deduced as to the great secret of dealing with black troops. Respect his one great weakness, give him a wife and family and home life, and he is the most genial, contented, easily managed being in the world; deny him this, and he rapidly becomes restless and discontented, spends his leisure in wandering about in search of adventures, brawls and loots in the villages, and gives endless trouble.

Speaking of the little villages which sprang up round our cantonments reminds me that nothing was more remarkable in our long three years' crawl up the Nile than the evolution in house-building. We started from Wadi Halfa in the beginning of 1896 without tents, and were glad of any shelter from the direct rays of the sun, whilst he who possessed a 'Tukel' in which he could stand upright thought himself a fortunate and much-to-be-envied man. A 'Tukel,' I must explain, was a straw hut. A framework of branches was first made, strong uprights being driven into the ground and light cross-pieces lashed to them by grass-ropes. Over this straw mats made out of the dried Halfa grass were laid and lashed. The local name for these mats was 'Salateek;' and on arrival at any new station Salateek-making

was the order of the day, and lasted many weeks, the fatigue parties often going very far afield in search of Halfa grass and wood. The great drawback to a Tukel was its dustiness, and also its inflammability. The grass mats collected bushels of dust, and distributed their hoarded wealth over one's house at every breath of wind; and also a stray spark or a cigarette-end carelessly thrown away left one homeless and destitute on the sand in about five short minutes.

As I have said before, at first one was content with a very humble shelter; but gradually one's ideas grew larger, and one improved one's dwelling-place till, by the time Debba and Merowi were reached, the most artistic riverside villas were constructed, with two rooms, shady verandahs, and every architectural luxury that could be extracted from such homely materials. Then the fashion in houses changed, and people found that with the river mud, which, like the poor, was always with us, houses cooler and better could be made more quickly and with less trouble than the old-fashioned Tukels. And here, again, lay great scope for the amateur architect, and as time wore on veritable palaces were evolved; at least, so they seemed to our sun-baked Sudan intellects.

The writer remembers that he started at Debbeh in October 1896 in a Tukel about six feet square, one side of which was open; he left in July 1898 a spacious, three-roomed mansion, with thick mud walls, whitewashed inside and out, a roof with a pitch, and with doors and windows (unglazed). The birds were the greatest nuisance, as they invaded one's house in swarms, and built their nests by dozens in the roof, making a terrible mess of everything, and keeping up an incessant and most irritating chattering.

Some of our blacks were very good shots, but the majority were below the average of English soldiers, and the Egyptians were not such good shots as the blacks.

At the battle of Firket a company of Camel Corps were lining a ridge of rocks, with a corresponding ridge held by the Dervishes some three or four hundred yards to their front; a black sergeant named Capsoon had found a sort of natural embrasure in these rocks, and, calling an English officer's attention to his prowess, he shot down Dervish after Dervish as he showed himself. The company then charged the Dervish position and cleared them out, and the fruit of Capsoon's skill at arms stood revealed; his bag

was nearly a dozen, killed dead. This almost equals what one has heard of Boer marksmanship.

The aforesaid English officer had a narrow escape at the same time, a bullet shaving his upper lip and his nose, and scarring both. The black's hatred for the Baggara is extraordinary, but is not to be wondered at when one knows the circumstances. The Baggara has been the black's bogey from his birth; his village has always been exposed to raids from Baggara slave-catching parties. He himself has in all probability been carried off when a child by one of these parties, his father most likely killed, his mother carried off with him and sold as a slave, his home given to the flames. Every atrocity imaginable has been piled up by these pests of the Sudan. Small wonder then that the black man hates the Baggara with an unquenchable hatred.

To give two instances of Baggara methods. In the beginning of the year 1896 the English general from Cairo was inspecting the frontier force at Wadi Halfa. The troops were engaged in a field-day, when news came that a party of Dervishes had attacked and put to the sword the village of Addendan, some twenty miles north of Halfa. The Camel Corps at once started to try and cut off the raiders in the desert on their return journey, but with little chance of success, as the news was more than twenty-four hours old. After going some fifty miles a patrol got on to their tracks, and found there the body of a black girl some ten years of age, her feet cut to ribbons by the rocks and stones over which she had been driven, her back flayed by the stripes of her merciless captors. She had been beaten along until she could move no more, and then left to die in the desert.

Within a few weeks of this a Dervish patrol came down to within a mile of Sarra one evening. Two little boys were going out from the village to their father, who was tending his sakieh. They met this patrol and greeted the leader. He replied with a spear-thrust, and his companions finished the work he had begun. The poor wee bodies were found by the troops a short time afterwards beheaded and disembowelled.

The following incident shows the untamable ferocity of the Baggara: Soon after the occupation of the Dongola province a Camel Corps patrol went out from Debba to the wells of Kofriat. These wells are very deep, and a long rope is requisite in order to obtain water. Close to the wells the patrol discovered the dead



body of a Baggara warrior alongside his slaughtered horse. The man, a fugitive from Dongola and tortured with thirst, had arrived at the wells. Finding no means of obtaining water, and accepting his fate, he had deliberately killed his horse, broken his saddle, cut his bridle to pieces, buried his weapons, and then calmly laid himself down to die, satisfied that nothing of his would fall into his enemy's hands.

The principal leader in most of the frontier raids was one Osman Azrak by name, who afterwards met a well-merited death at Omdurman. He was the ogre of the frontier, and enjoyed an almost supernatural reputation, combined with an uncanny habit of being killed and coming to life again. The inhabitants of Beris, which oasis he raided, described him to the officer commanding the Camel Corps as a giant eight feet high and with one eye in the middle of his forehead.

The Dervish guide was usually an Arab of the Kabbabeesh tribe named Fadl Moula. He surrendered to the Government after Dongola was taken, and was given his life. I afterwards knew him and liked him. A fine man, with an air of command and a great power of dealing with other Arabs; a very difficult people to deal with, as we often found—absolutely unreliable and irresponsible. With guides, if one wanted to find them at starting time in the morning, the only chance was to insist on their sleeping close to one, under charge of an orderly, and then the odds were in favour of one of them having lost his camel. What trouble, too, they caused us! The Government, after the occupation of the Dongola province, armed all the Arab tribes with Remington rifles for the protection of the province from Dervish raiding parties; but no sooner had the tribes received this welcome armament than they started off to raid the Dervishes on their own account, and strictly against their orders. Then, a successful raid having been brought off, they, conscience-stricken and fearing reprisals, would hurry down to the river-bank, with their flocks and their families, to throw themselves under the protecting care of the Government. This would cause uneasiness throughout the province, and a plentiful harvest of rumours and reports would ripen, bringing in its train a moving to and fro of troops, and the despatch of numerous Camel Corps patrols to the various wells, to our great annoyance and discomfort, as we knew that it was a hundred to one against our seeing even the tracks of Dervishes.

The best Arabs we came across on the Bayuda side were undoubtedly the Hassania tribe, whose headquarters were Gakdul, although, strange to say, they had the reputation of being the worst of any, robbers of the Bayuda desert, whose hand was against every man, whether Turk or Dervish; but we always found them to be most dependable, and first-rate guides.

Our usual guide in the Gakdul country was a merry little fellow called Zeki, very unlike the taciturn Arabs one generally met. He had been one of the two Arabs who had helped Slatin Pasha to escape from Omdurman, and he told me that he was afterwards seized, taken in chains before the Khalifa, and charged with this heinous offence. Zeki put on an air of extreme simplicity; pretended to be more than half a fool; said that he might have been given a dollar for getting some stranger a camel, but that he had forgotten; that he was a poor man, and a dollar was a dollar, and so on. The Khalifa was completely imposed upon by these ingenuous tactics, said 'This man is an idiot,' and let him go.

Zeki had lost his wife and children—killed by the Dervishes, and had sworn a vendetta against them. When I first knew him he had just married again, and had established his bride in some remote valley in the Gillif hills; so, when we were out in that direction, he generally asked for a few hours' leave of absence, and used to trot off on his camel to visit her. The language spoken by all the desert tribes was Arabic of a sort, but some of the lower-class Arabs were very difficult to understand, whilst most of the Sheikhs spoke a beautifully simple and pure form of the language. The use of good classical words is much more common amongst the Arabs than amongst the Egyptian Fellaheen. Their nomenclature also is interesting to students of the language; nearly always descriptive and generally prefixed by the word 'aboo' (father) or 'ümm' (mother). Such as 'Ümm Toob,' a deep, bricked well about forty miles from Korti ('toob' meaning 'bricks'). They also very often use a diminutive form, just as in some parts of Scotland a dog is always 'a doggie,' a bit 'a bittie,' and so on. The Arabs form their diminutive by inserting the letter 'yé' in the penultimate syllable. This makes it very difficult to extract any meaning from their names until one has mastered the use of this diminutive, and no doubt has led to many misnomers in existing maps of the country. Instances of this diminutive form are very frequent, and, added to

the very curious and guttural intonation of the Arabs, make names very hard to pick up, even though repeated again and again. Such are 'Ümm Goéera,' a well between Merowi and Gakdul ('gora' meaning 'a hole in the ground'); 'Ümm Ragheewa,' between Khorti and Gakdul ('raghwa,' meaning 'foam'); and notably 'Aboo Teléehh' (*anglicé* Aboo Klea), where Stewart's great fight took place. 'Telhh' is a species of acacia-tree, and the Arab pronunciation of its diminutive almost gives the sound 'Kléa.'

The desert has many moods, most of them unpleasant, whether from the summer sun, the winter cold, or the perennial dust. There is one exception—a cool, moonlight night in summer; this is perfect, but, alas! too often broken by long hours of marching and spoilt by that deadly overmastering sleepiness, amounting almost to agony.

No one who has not experienced the constant nodding in the saddle, the waking with a start which nearly breaks one's neck, the narrowly averted fall, can appreciate how this ceaseless fight against the powers of nature renders impossible the enjoyment of the night's perfections. But so it is, and rarely could one enjoy the desert in this its happiest mood, as the heat of the day rendered night marching imperative, and 2 A.M. generally found us on the road. Some of the winter nights were almost Arctic in their coldness, the sand like packed ice to sleep on, the wind finding its way everywhere and through any number of blankets. One particular occasion sticks in my memory. We had gone out very unexpectedly in pursuit of Dervish raiders, had very few wraps, no food, and no means of making a fire. We three English officers huddled together for warmth, but two of us found sleep impossible, and lay awake all night, occasionally exchanging a few words, and listening enviously to the stentorian snores of our more fortunate companion. He at last woke up, just before the hour of marching, with the startling announcement that he hadn't slept a wink all night! We were too cold and hungry to contradict him. Poor, dear fellow! he died of cholera in 1896, mourned by everyone.

Our amusements were not very varied or exciting. At Halfa there were 'squash' racquet courts, which enabled one to compress a vast amount of exercise into a small space of time, excellent for the liver and a deterrent to obesity, a very common complaint in the Sudan. Then, whenever we could get the ponies together,

there was polo on the sand. The shooting was not up to much; a few sand-grouse, quail at certain times of the year, and in the desert gazelle. But there were times when one was in a station, with only perhaps another Englishman, in which the sole form of recreation was a ride; and in the Sudan there are but two roads—one leading up stream, the other down—and after several months of these solitary rides, varied by an occasional gallop for a short distance after a fox, the monotony became almost unbearable. But the time passed somehow, and more quickly, perhaps owing to this said monotony, than one could believe. And at last the goal was reached. The old order of things has passed away and given place to a new, and the blood-stained Sudan bids fair to become a happy hunting-ground to the specially conducted, all-pervading tourist.

## *THE ABODES OF THE HOMELESS.*

BY THE REV. CANON BARNETT.

THE homeless greatly disturb the consideration of the social problem, they confuse many calculations, and provoke action sometimes prejudicial to other members of the community. The homeless are made up (1) of single men who have either refused or thrown off family obligations; (2) of loafers who, because they are idle or because they love change, will not be bound by time or place; and (3) of the broken-hearted and broken-backed men and women who, because of ill health, ignorance, or accident, can do no regular work.

These people, more evident in the streets than the thousands of hard-working poor, often give a wrong significance to the term 'poor,' and make legislators and philanthropists think that unless their action touch such characters their efforts are no avail. The thought of them often stirs charity to the hasty provision of remedies which, used by others than those in the minds of the givers, tend to develop the disease they were aimed to cure. The sight of their abject wretchedness and the signs of starvation rouse workmen to passionate language, because they imagine that they are working people whom neglect or suffering has brought down. The homeless dry up pity, they lower wages, they make up the mobs of the unemployed, and they confuse poor law administration. It is not, therefore, too much to say that the homeless are the disturbers of the social problem, and demand immediate consideration by all who believe that the solution of that problem is of chief importance.

The classes which make up the homeless must, then, be looked at somewhat more closely. There are (1) the single men who have deserted their wives and families so as to be free for idleness and enjoyment, and there are also single men who remain unmarried to escape obligation. These, even if they work hard, are not of such service to the community as those who make homes and send out children to cultivate the world. The married man may carry a heavy burden on his shoulders; but it is the home in which the virtues are learnt which preserve the land God has given us, and it is children who make empire possible. The true

imperialist is the father of a large and healthy family. Those who for selfishness sake escape marriage are, first of all, traitors to their country's call; then, led by the same selfishness, they become disloyal to their class. They as blacklegs undersell labour, or as members of a union often force on strikes in mere irresponsible exercise of strength, without considering either justice or expediency. There may be single men who make themselves homeless while they preserve a home for their parents or provide a home for the future; but the great majority of the single men are so because they are selfish with a selfishness which is dangerous to their country and their class.

There are (2) the loafers. These are to be found among the rich and the poor—men who are incapable of regular work; unstable as water, they do not succeed. They may earn a living, but it is generally by doing useless jobs which foster others' laziness or break up organised work. It is not, for instance, a public good that men should hang about to carry parcels or call cabs; if they were not at hand, other means would be organised which would employ regular labour. Loafers do not pull their own weight in the boat; they are carried along at others' expense, and in older age become entirely dependent.

There are (3) the broken-hearted and broken-backed. These seem to be increasing. Education has provided more skilled labour, organisation tends to bring the best to the front, and so more and more of the weak and broken are cast aside—human refuse in the great workshop of the world. They are pitiable; sometimes they look back on happy times, and can tell how they came from the country full of hope, and had homes; sometimes the tale is one long history of ill health or neglect, of uninhabitable dwellings and bad teaching. Their frightened, beaten faces, their worn and bent frames, their rags of clothing shame both the national religion and the national wealth. If, as often happens, they loaf or drink, they do so because they are stupid, ignorant, or physically weak. They have to be supported on others' labour till they die—killed before their time by want or disease.

The homeless, whatever the class of homelessness, are a loss to the community, and the object of reform must be their reduction. The homeless must be turned into home-makers.

The object can, of course, be best reached by education. If children were all brought under the best influences, if they were taught to like work rather than fear the rod, if their dispositions

were considered, so that lovers of wandering were sent to sea and lovers of nature sent to the country, if their powers of resource were developed so that they could adapt themselves to new conditions, if the weak-bodied were properly treated, eyes, ears, teeth, and limbs, brought under the same care applied by the rich to their children; if education were efficient, and if religious education were understood to include the cultivation of feeling, the homeless would be fewer and the home-makers more.

There is universal testimony that few skilled workmen or members of friendly societies are ever found among the homeless who are in need of relief. In an experimental investigation into the cases of 286 men who applied for relief it was shown that only twelve had belonged to any sort of benefit club, and only two to a trades union. Education might thus prevent one sort of homelessness; but the subject of this paper is 'The Abodes of the Homeless,' and the question narrows itself to this: Do casual wards, shelters, and lodgings tend to the development or diminution of homelessness?

The place in which these people sleep does not necessarily imply a distinction. The same people may often be found in casual wards, shelters, or lodgings; but there are of course certain workmen who go on from year to year living in lodgings without ever using a shelter or coming for poor law relief, and there are others who, coming to town on a job, occupy them as a hotel. If, however, these workmen and travellers are excluded, the homeless may be looked for in any of these abodes.

1. The casual ward is open from 6 P.M. in summer and from 5 P.M. in winter, and applicants may enter at any hour during the night. Persons applying are at once admitted, and after being searched to get proof as to destitution they are given a supper, a warm bath, and a clean night-shirt. The next morning, if the superintendent believes an inmate to be a legitimate traveller, he is given breakfast and sent out early, his clothes having been cleaned; if he is not a traveller, he is first made to do a certain amount of work; if he is a well-known applicant, he is kept in over a clear day doing his work and receiving his food according to a dietary. In most of the metropolitan wards the applicants are detained in cells; but in eight they are still allowed to work and sleep in one room. There are twenty-five casual wards in London with accommodation for 1,647 persons. They are connected by telegraph, and if one happens to be full applicants are told



where there are vacancies. The wards are never all full. On January 16, 1891, when on a cold night the census was taken of all the homeless, only 843 persons used the accommodation. The people who make use of the casual wards often come from shelters or lodgings; but there are regular customers who have learnt to prefer the cleanliness and order—a body of people hardened by the treatment and hard to approach.

The number relieved in all England is said to be increasing and now reaches 8,000, of whom 600 are children. According to returns in Mr. Booth's book, 255 persons from casual wards and common lodgings who applied for help were analysed in the following way: 41 would give no account of themselves, 34 disappeared, 11 gave false references, 76 could give no references, and only in 93 cases could any information be obtained. Of these only 58 had previously borne a good character, and of them only 17 in regular employment, 28 owed their position to bodily infirmity, and the others had sunk into it from careless disposition, drink, and extravagance. A Whitechapel visitor who went to the casual ward of that union with the offer of a chance of a new start saw 500 men, and found only two willing to make the necessary effort.

2. The shelters, excluding the labour homes of the Church Army, are often little more than their name implies, and are to be found in groups mostly about Whitechapel and St. Giles's. They are supported by different religious organisations. People are admitted free or on payment of some trifling sum. They are allowed to sleep in their own filth, and sometimes in that of their predecessors. They stay on for different periods, varying from a night to two months. They have, but rarely, the privilege of a bath; they are fed on about the same scale as in the casual wards, and they are turned out during the day. The inmates as a body are generally called on to hear a gospel address, but personal influence on individuals is not necessarily brought to bear. The fact that on leaving they meet so many like themselves coming out of other shelters tends to prevent any growth of self-respect, as they get the support of others' opinion in their degradation. On the date of the census, January 16, 1891, there were in nine refuges 938 persons, including 33 children; but this does not include those in the Salvation Army and other shelters, amounting perhaps to 800 more, making therefore altogether about 1,738 persons in shelters.

3. The lodgings are of two descriptions. There are (a) the

furnished rooms which are let out at 10*d.* or 1*s.* a night, and (b) the common lodgings, which are registered and inspected by the London County Council and let at 4*d.* or 6*d.* a night.

(a) The furnished rooms have the most meagre furniture. They are often dirty, and the occupant for a night—weighted with such a heavy rent—sometimes becomes a landlord, so that more than one family will occupy the room.

(b) The common lodgings range from the well-ordered Rowton and Victoria homes (though technically these are excluded from registration) to the house in a back street which has been made by knocking two or three tenements together so as to form a kitchen and dormitory. A house has hitherto been registered on application, supported by two ratepayers rated at 6*l.* a year, and such a house is generally managed by a man of the class of the inmates, who is called 'a deputy.' These houses, being inspected, are generally clean, but many by structure and situation are unfit for their purpose. The cubicles, for instance, which are provided for 'couples' are sometimes nothing more than stable stalls, the partitions of which are so easily overlooked that privacy is impossible. There are about one thousand common lodgings in London, with accommodation for 35,000 persons. The intercommunication of common lodgings and the workhouse is shown by the number admitted by the relieving officers. During the first nine months of 1889, out of 1,518 persons who entered St. Giles's Workhouse 746 came from common lodgings, and in Whitechapel out of 2,654 admitted in four months 1,065 came from common lodgings.

Life in even the best of common lodgings—and some are now admirably fitted with cubicles and common rooms—is not morally healthy. The attitude of watchfulness against thefts, the doubt as to the character of the other occupants, the knowledge that each must look after himself, the hardening of pity which follows deception, create an atmosphere of selfish and anti-social feeling. The prevailing talk, too, is mostly of personal experiences, not always true and generally spiced to stimulate corrupted taste. Well-arranged lodging houses are in one way better than bad, but the building of such for either men or women is hardly a duty for philanthropic or municipal action.

The law, charity, and commerce have thus dealt with the homeless; the law by making its provision deterrent has tried the effect of coercion, charity by giving free shelters has tried the effect of conciliation, commerce by meeting the demand has tried the effect of a let-alone policy. But neither one nor the other has

tended to convert the homeless into home-makers. The improvements which have been made, the notoriety gained by public attention, have had the effect of drawing idlers to towns and sons from their parents. The germs of an ambition to make a home have been crushed, and the class of the homeless grows larger and more distinct. If now it be accepted as a desirable object that the homeless—including single men, loafers, and broken-hearted—be induced to become home-makers, the following changes are suggested, not as remedies, but as reforms, which will make remedies more possible.

1. Casual wards should be closed. The principle is wrong that work should be made distasteful, and the infliction of such punishment as solitary confinement on uncondemned persons is against humanity. The casual wards in London—associated or cellular—have failed either to relieve the poor or to coerce the idle. They have created a class hardened against influence, into which if a young man once falls he rarely escapes. A boy standing for the first time among the casuals makes a picture to compare with that of the neophyte among the monks. He is doomed. Casual wards should be closed, and applicants should all be received into the workhouse and be classified—some, if necessary, for dismissal the next morning and some for detention for lengthening periods, so that they might be put in the way of getting training at a trade. The children should be taken from parents known to be careless and be adopted by the guardians; the young should be at once separated from degraded associates, and the hopeful given hope.

2. Shelters should be brought under the control of local authorities, who should never license more than one in their district; they should be under inspection, so that dirt and overcrowding might be prevented, and so staffed as to enable the people in charge to give individual attention to each inmate. Their aim should be not merely a temporary shelter, which is provided in the workhouse, but the reform of individuals by generous gifts of friendship and money.

3. (a) Furnished lodgings let for 10s. a week and under should be registered, and a sufficient staff of inspectors should be appointed, who by visits would prevent overcrowding and immoral occupation.

(b) Common lodgings should be annually licensed by the London County Council. If there is a difficulty about a definition, it would be no apparent hardship if hotels were included, or a

value limit might be adopted. By means of such annual licence the standard of accommodation could be gradually raised, and houses ill fitted, ill built, and ill situated be removed from the register.

These changes in the regulation of their abodes would not do away with the trouble of the homeless class, but they would put a check on the encouragement now given to the development of the class. If there were no casual wards, if shelters were reformatories, if common lodgings were decently ordered, the homeless would no longer be a class apart; they would be brought into frequent contact with other and more regularly living people, and they would be within reach of humanising influence.

Organisation, constructive or destructive, can do little, but it may make it easier or harder for one human being to help another. Nothing but human individual treatment, nothing but the grace of God acting through the call of man on man, will stem the drift which in all classes seems to make for homelessness. It takes something more than a good training school, a model lodging, or even a policeman in the distance to turn a vagrant into a regular liver. It takes a man to save a man. A workman found an old mate in a common lodging—destitute, idle, and hopeless. He induced him to take a job at his own trade, but it was not till after three years' constant friendship—calling for him in the morning, sitting with him in the evenings—that he led him to adopt a settled home life. Before sufficient individuals will be found who will make such a gift as this workman made there must be a more general passion for home, a more general recognition that there is a bondage that is better than freedom, which indeed is essential to freedom. Men and women who have shaken themselves free of obligation to family, to neighbourhood, or to servants will never commend home-making to their poorer neighbours, who, following their example, now show the results in poverty, wretchedness, and crime. Homelessness in West London is one cause why homelessness in East London is so ineffectively dealt with.

But while the angel is waited for who will move the waters, re-establish the sanctity of family life, and set individuals to seek individuals, changes may be made in the abodes of the homeless which will make it easier for man to meet man on the basis of equality as God's children. All changes, indeed, might be measured as good or bad just in so far as they forward or hinder equality of opportunity. The homeless are at present, by the condition of their abodes, largely cut off from the opportunity of associating with those who would be their best helpers.

### AT 'THE HOUSE' IN THE FIFTIES.

THE better part of valour is never perhaps shown to more advantage than by declining to wake sleeping memories, and of this fact I was fully sensible as I walked down St. Aldate's, towards Tom Gate, which I had seldom passed since my undergraduate days. If increase of size is, as some imagine, a sign of prosperity, Oxford had prospered exceedingly in the interval. Handsome new streets have grown up in what I used to consider the 'slums,' while an ocean of suburb surrounds the island on which the colleges still stand high and dry. These suburbs are, I presume, occupied by the new professors and their wives—formerly interdicted luxuries. The new professors' daughters are in evidence, and in spectacles some of them; these last donned, I feel sure, either in thoughtful propitiation of the *genius loci*, or from a kindly wish to veil the brightness of their orbs of vision from hosts of would-be admirers.

So little change is there in the appearance of Tom Quad that I half expect to see old Dean Gaisford, with his round shoulders, and not too frequently smiling face, emerge from the Deanery door. We had a feeling for him almost amounting to reverence, which he appeared a most unlikely man to inspire, but which has oddly enough increased rather than lessened in the course of years. But boys—we were little more—seem sometimes to diagnose men more readily than their seniors. We came to the conclusion that under his rough demeanour he concealed a kind heart, as of a bear who should hug you in sport. The Deanery dinners, to which we were invited in batches, were not very jovial affairs, though occasionally brightened by the intrusion of a little comedy. The shy undergraduates used to crowd together by the door, and the Dean made little rushes at them from time to time like a butting ram. His attempts at conversation, from not being adapted to the tastes of his guests, were frequently nipped in the bud. Occasionally he hit the mark. V., who was wholly given up to shooting, was present at one of these entertainments, and the Dean, probably from knowing his friends, had heard of his skill with the gun.

'A good country for snipe, Mr. V.,' he began, gruffly.

'It is that,' returned Mr. V., and the conversation ended.

I am reminded by the Jubilee celebration of another and less joyful ceremonial on the occasion of the Great Duke of Wellington's funeral. The Dean had good-naturedly signified his willingness to grant leave to anyone who could show a letter from a friend inviting him to stay in London. A man named Boddington, a stationer in Oriel Street, was the means of obtaining leave for some who had no relations living in the Metropolis. His invitations, at two-and-sixpence each, ran something in this way :

'Dear M. (or N.),—I hope you will come up and stay with us for the funeral. Your Aunt (or Cousin) is a little better.

I am your aff<sup>e</sup>

—.

These invitations were all accepted, which was passing strange, as I don't remember that Boddington ever took the slightest trouble to vary his 'round text' hand.

The following is a fair instance of the Dean's liking for a sort of clumsy fun. Lord A.'s son, when at 'The House,' was invited to a wedding in the middle of term, and his tutor called at the Deanery to request leave of absence for him.

'You think, Mr. B,' the Dean inquired blandly, 'that it would do no harm to disturb his studies in the middle of term?'

'I think not, Mr. Dean,' replied the tutor confidently.

'Ah! well, it might freshen him up. And his father wishes him to go?'

'Yes, Mr. Dean.'

'And the bride? I understand you to say that she desires him to be present.'

'Yes, Mr. Dean.'

'And you wish him to go?'

'Certainly, Mr. Dean.'

'Very well, Mr. B., then he can't go.'

The Dean's determination to uphold the dignity of 'The House' was fully appreciated, and no wonder, since it occasionally acted as a most useful shield. Some may remember the advent into Hall, during 'Collections,' of the Senior University Proctor, Mr. X., of — College, eager to detect some delinquent who had escaped him on the previous night. The Dean, who was standing with his back to the big fireplace, and his gown tucked up under his arms, moved slowly across towards the intruder, who had not uncovered. His gruff 'Take off your cap, young man,'

was very effective. The youthful Proctor turned and fled, his ears waxing redder and redder until we lost sight of him.

An excellent portrait of the Dean in his favourite attitude was, in my time, exhibited in the window of S., the clever silhouettist in 'The High.' It was reported that some nobleman had been sent down to induce the Dean to accept a bishopric that the latter had already refused. The well-known figure of Venables—then the host of the Mitre Hotel—was introduced to represent the noble ambassador kneeling before the Dean, to whom he was holding out a mitre. The Dean, hands behind him, back to the fire, was depicted as saying :

'Stand off my rug, my lord.'

In his epistolary efforts the Dean was occasionally more curt even than F.-M. the Duke of Wellington. Lord —, who wrote fussily to inquire how his son's studies were progressing, must have been rather astonished to receive for an answer :

'My Lord,

Such letters give much trouble to

Your humble servant

The Dean of Christ Church.'

On another occasion he was even briefer: the sole reference to Ch. Ch. in the voluminous report of the Oxford and Cambridge Commission being :

'From the Dean of Christ Church we have received *no* communication.'

Entering Peckwater, I find the stonework in a still more ruinous condition than of old. Yes, I can still see in the library door the marks—carefully plugged and painted over—of the old bullets discharged, from the other side of the Quadrangle, at the brass handle. At the left-hand corner lived B., the genial old Canon who was always asking—with the view perhaps of one day confuting some Malthusian or other heresy—how many children one's father had, to repeat the inquiry at the next opportunity. I think that he must have been sometimes astonished at the rapid increase in the tale of fabulous olive-branches. 'Twenty children !' he would ejaculate, *tendens ad sidera palmas* ; 'dear me ! dear me !'

Here is the step which my dog used to hold against all (canine) comers. Opposite were T.'s hospitable, too hospitable, quarters. In these we were one day pistol-shooting, the mark a candle balanced on the handle of the door leading into the



'Scout's hole,' when this door was burst open, and E., the scout, rushed out, pale as a ghost. 'Mr. T., you'll be the death of me, I know you will. If I hadn't just moved a step to one side I should be a dead man now.' On inspection it was found that a bullet had passed through the thick oak door, out through the window at which the scout was accustomed to stand, and so into Bear Lane. But T.'s scout had an adventurous time of it, partly, no doubt, made up to him in perquisites.

In T.'s second term some short-sighted acquaintances still thought it safe to 'draw' him. He took the visitation with quite suspicious stoicism, and on their departure walked out into Quad, coalscuttle in hand, and, stationing himself beneath the windows of the leader of his tormentors, deliberately broke these, and then walked calmly back again in his nightshirt. T.'s father was a country parson of a long-departed type, who was never seen without a voluminous white tie and enormous bow, and a bulgy cotton umbrella. This worthy used occasionally to come up for a day or two in term time, when he seemed rather more of a boy than any of us. One day T. was to have a supper party in the evening, and in the afternoon he enticed the old man into the shop of the artist above mentioned, to whom he had given a previous intimation of the visit. They remained but a minute or two, but the 'sitting' was apparently long enough, for at supper T.'s room was seen to be decorated with a full-length caricature of the old parson, 'Mrs. Gamp' and all complete. The original seemed to enjoy the joke as much as anyone, but its taste was, to say the least, questionable.

T., like V., was extremely fond of shooting, and, though he would go any reasonable distance on the chance of a couple or two of snipe, he had the strongest possible objection to returning with an empty bag. Finding himself in this condition one day when he had been out near Godstow, he calmly shot a goose—presumably the property of some Oxford freeman—on Port Meadow, and stuffed it into his capacious pockets, with the remark, no doubt true, that it was better than nothing. On another occasion, having had similar bad luck, he arranged with a farmer, through whose yard he passed on his way home, for the purchase of a couple of queerly marked ducks that took his fancy. These the farmer threw into the air, and T. shot and pocketed them. Arrived at his rooms, he sent post haste for D., an undergraduate who fancied himself a bit of an ornithologist. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and D. at once declared

the ducks to be of an exceedingly rare species, seldom seen in England, and evidently but just arrived from the coast, as was proved by the shell-fish still in their crops. These were beans, as the ornithologist discovered on skinning them. To the best of my recollection he recouped himself by keeping, and eating, the ducks.

A little of T.'s company on these shooting excursions went a long way, and his friends found themselves one by one compelled to refuse his invitations. He was fond of going up behind you, putting his gun close to the back of your head, and blowing your cap off—a trick the safe performance of which no doubt gave evidence of a certain amount of skill. Occasionally, when he thought you were at a safe distance—which you were not—he would take a pot shot at you, in default of other game. One day, coming upon a stray deer near Wychwood Forest, he incontinently shot it; then, arranging with a butcher who chanced to come by, he had it cut up and sent to Oxford, when he presented the Senior Censor with a haunch. This dignitary was, of course, horrified when, as was natural, a serious row arose over the affair. But T. had the knack of surviving all such things. He was above the average height, strongly if clumsily built, with dark hair, and a fat, pale face. His manner was brusque even to rudeness, and it was perhaps his scorn of popularity that made him so sought after—the 'tufts,' on whom he was always playing the roughest practical jokes, being amongst his chief admirers. He went abroad after leaving Oxford, and has never, I believe, been heard of since.

The 'Senior Censor'—recipient of the above-mentioned haunch of venison—was, equally with the generous donor, a character in his way. I confess that in those days his 'character' did not appeal to me. Certainly, if *laudari a laudato* is proof absolute of merit, the inscription by Ruskin on the memorial window at East Hampstead, which describes the 'Student and Senior Censor of Ch. Ch., Oxford' as 'an Englishman of the olden time, humane without weakness, learned without ostentation, witty without malice, wise without pride, honest of heart, and lofty of thought,' entitles O. G. to a position far above the crowd. The expressed opinion, too, of men better able to judge others than I was at that period of my life, or probably am now, has caused me long ago to revise my youthful prejudice, while regretting that so capable a man should apparently have taken some trouble to conceal qualities the open manifestation of which was, in his position, so desirable. The Bishop of Manchester described his humour as

'dry and caustic, but never ill-natured.' It was no doubt sufficiently caustic. Of this humour but few examples survive, and of these the following is a fair specimen. Oddly enough, it appears to be the sole one that the memories of his most ardent admirers have been able to retain. 'There is the cow story,' they tell you, triumphantly. His milkman wanting help to replace a cow that had died of feeding on a mackintosh cape, he pointed out that her diet had not had the effect of making her milk water-proof. Would-be narrators seem to have found his wit more than ordinarily elusive. I explain the evanescent effect on the hearer of his good things by the fact that these owed a good deal of their success to his comical aspect. His thin person, clothed in shabby black, his long nose, bright eyes, and humorous mouth, would have given point to epigrams duller than those with which it was his custom to, good-humouredly, harass us. I was never a keen admirer of the jocosity, as of the police-court magnate, for which the sycophants, while they smile, can have no reply. Whatever the 'Senior Censor's' claims to humour—and I should not dream of disputing them—he most certainly evoked it in the duller minds; and some of ours were exceedingly dull. It may have been humility that led him carefully to discount a reputation for an egregious amount of learning by ignoring the eighth letter of the alphabet except on those occasions when it is customary to do so. I have often thought that this failing—such a droll one when his position is considered—acted inversely to Charity, and covered a multitude of good qualities. As it was, we put him down as 'a square peg in a round hole,' a formula descriptive of far too many of his contemporaries. To have acquired a great reputation without seeking it, and then to have turned it to no account, prove him to have been devoid of ambition; and to arrive at this is to be wise indeed.

Canterbury Gate! Formerly the hunting ground of 'One Arm,' 'Dainty Davis,' and another licensed 'cad' or two, who made a precarious living by running errands. Being at Malta during the Crimean War, I was accosted by a private whose features seemed familiar. It was an Oxford 'cad' who had taken the shilling, and got converted into quite a smart-looking soldier.

There were a vast number of men who hunted in my day, and of these some few were hunting men. As the song had it,

In the morning, if you wait

By Canterbury Gate,

You will see him turn out in his pink,

So far, so good. He was not always quite so ready to charge brooks and stone walls as the song went on to portray him. I was at 'The House' with three men, all old Etonians, not one of whom, to the best of my belief, ever rode over a hurdle, and all three became masters of hounds. I may add that all three were good sportsmen. A queer collection of horses and riders I have seen at Canterbury Gate. Some men clearly were of opinion that if they went to a third-rate dealer and hired a screw at the same price—two guineas—that they would have been charged by a good man for a good mount, they were practising rigid economy. There was a livery stable in Bear Lane noted for a small stud of skeleton hunters, which the proprietor hired out to needy men at the same figure for which his more fashionable confrères furnished steeds with less visible anatomies. The drollest 'turn-out' I ever witnessed was on the occasion when T., before mentioned, having been incited to attend a meet of the Heythrop, took the field in full hunting costume, spurs excepted, which he could not be persuaded to don. The affair was mooted, as most foolish affairs were, at a 'wine,' one friend (?) being responsible for the mount—a seasoned and temperate hunter—while the costume was contributed piecemeal. T. had never been seen outside a horse before, and, indeed, said that he had never mounted one in his life. Be this as it may, it was no doubt his first appearance with hounds, and there was much curiosity as to how he would comport himself. In the event he rather disappointed expectations: he jogged along without quite losing his balance, and when a fox was found he followed modestly in the rear, to the surprise of those who thought him capable of attempting to catch sly Reynard. The run was over a stonewall country, and, waiting till the wall had, as always happens, been gradually levelled, T. rode solemnly through the gap with the ruck. He arrived home in safety, if rather the worse for wear, and, having done enough for honour, was never known to mount a horse again.

The sporting undergraduate must have been a great trial to all masters of hounds in the neighbourhood of Oxford. It was, indeed, no other than that true sportsman, the late T. T. Drake, who first asked (of a Ch. Ch. man) the now celebrated question, 'Do you think *you* can catch a fox?' But the answer supplied to the query by *Punch's* foreigner was not on that occasion forthcoming.

The relations between undergraduates and the neighbouring farmers were, as a rule, rather strained, and it is possible that

such may be the case even now. Seldom did the two classes become personally acquainted save when an elaborate plot—the chief feature of which was the stopping of gaps by sturdy labourers armed with pitchforks—for the confusion of 'larkers' proved successful on account of horse or rider, or possibly both, declining to negotiate the fence that lay between them and safety. I forget how I first got acquainted with quite a different kind of farmer living about six miles out of Oxford, but it was probably through T.'s introduction. Mr. Gaylad, as he preferred to be called, had—as was the case with the Senior Censor—one failing that went far to obscure any virtues he may have been blessed with. After having several times shot over his farm, which abounded with game, we were desirous of returning his exuberant hospitality, so invited him one day after market to finish up the evening in college. Oxford port—whatever it may be now—was then a thick dark compound, bearing little relation to the grape, and quickly subversive of sobriety. Whatever its qualities, Mr. Gaylad found it so much to his liking that it was late before he announced his intention of starting to walk home. Some one suggested that he should do so in cap and gown, and we escorted him—nothing loth, and making quite unnecessary efforts to disguise any remaining sobriety—into 'The High.' We were fairly fortunate in seeing him almost immediately proctorised, when his answer to 'Your name and college, sir?' was more objurgatory than polite. The joke was repeated till we had either had enough of Mr. Gaylad, or had used up all the available caps and gowns, of which the farmer must have had a large if not valuable collection. Oddly enough, the Proctors never showed the slightest diminution of ardour.

Joe Tollit, whose stables were at the top of Bear Lane—they are now, it seems, mere livery stables attached to the 'Mitre'—is perhaps more closely connected with my recollections of Oxford even than Dean Gaisford. Joe was one of the best men of that day at showing off a horse. His marvellous 'hands' made it appear that he was always riding an extremely docile animal, though this was seldom the case. When hounds were drawing or had checked he would ride a little apart from the field, and suddenly—all eyes being on him—would take some big leap in cold blood. Anyone attempting to follow him had need for considerable caution. Though he rode all sorts of horses, I never remember his coming to grief; the explanation being, no doubt, that he never rode a tired horse. There was a good deal of

wholesome rivalry in my day between Charles Symonds' stable and Tollit's, the former being considered for some occult reason the more aristocratic. At the Aylesbury Steeplechases each was anxious to secure the best horses, and the least incapable of the undergraduate jockeys. It was a case, no doubt, of the one-eyed man being king among the blind. Many must still remember the 'Dean' and 'The Rejected' who fought frequently for their respective stables. I met Joe Tollit shortly before his death, and he complained bitterly of the change that had come over matters equine at the 'Varsity. No doubt he did not grumble without reason. Figg's stables, in St. Aldate's, in former days the abode of the indomitable badger, to whom Sunday—as if he were a parson—was anything but a day of rest, is—or was when I saw it—some sort of a place for hiring, and I suppose making, 'steam yachts.' Old Perrin's stables—alas! not old Perrin—still survive. Perrin was a queer customer, of the sort depicted in 'Soapy Sponge,' and was reported to starve his horses, which must have been of a hardy and long-suffering order. I once bought a pony of him, and, taking her away at once, made her into quite a useful animal. I used to ride her up to Bullingdon, and had many a win on the course that encircled the cricket ground. On one occasion I was challenged by the owner of an Arab pony who may have presumed a little on his jockeyship. I won 'cleverly' by a neck, when he immediately offered to run me again. To this I assented, and he was somewhat annoyed that I then left him forty lengths in the rear. A year or two ago I met him, now high up in the Church, and after a minute or two he turned the conversation to my pony. 'And have you,' he blandly inquired, 'got her now?' I replied that had she still been alive it would have been a record, as she would have been about fifty years old.

Passing through 'Canterbury,' I find that Bear Lane has been considerably embellished and altered, insomuch that even the animal from which it took its name is now conspicuous by its absence. In Bear Lane used to reside a little usurer—I mean a usurer on a small scale, or rather perhaps a usurer who did not lend much—with a sounding name suggestive of old buccaneering days, who also dealt in cigars. We were some of us periodically very hard up, and our finances must indeed have been in a bad state when B. and I visited the emporium with the fond hope of extracting a tenner at some reasonable rate of interest: we had no intention of being too fastidious. The buccaneer's terms were,



however, so high that after looking at one another more in sorrow than in anger we turned away with one accord and left him.

I must, of course, walk down the meadow, and take a peep at the river from the barges. The river appears to have shrunk, and to wind more than of old. It appears that men who do not wish to row seriously now take their pleasure on the Port Meadow side. Hundreds of boats are now to be seen where in my day was literally not one. In old times it was hard for practising eights to get along without being run into or having to 'easy' for some tiro. Even the once celebrated undergraduate, 'Grand-papa of Maudlin Hall,' used to row (at some peril to himself) between Oxford and Iffley. Report had it that he was married; he was certainly bald, and, what was of far more importance, extremely shortsighted. He once ran into me when I was practising for 'the sculls'—of course in a light outrigger—knocked one scull out of my hand, and I managed to let go the other. Strange to say, I was not swamped, and kept my balance, holding on by the outriggers and swaying from side to side, till rescued by some one who had more pity than my elderly assailant.

Christ Church was not very great on the river in my day. We were doing fairly well, however, when one night we bumped Exeter, who, I think, held fourth place. They rowed on without acknowledging the bump—which the crew no doubt imagined they had escaped by the skin of their teeth—and, as we stopped rowing, succeeded in getting away. As we had no doubts about the matter, we were disgusted to find the case given against us on an inquiry being held at the 'Varsity Barge. However we were confident of being the faster boat, and made up our minds to have no mistake about it next time. Waiting till our bow was about opposite their number five our cox turned into them, and we rowed them up high and dry on the bank. I met an Exeter man the other day who was rowing on that occasion, and I think he still felt a little sore.

If it is objected that these random recollections make no mention of rapid or other progress in the lore to acquire which my father sent me to Oxford, I can only excuse myself on the ground that 'The House' in those days was a place rather for amusement than 'study.' Indeed, we would go out of our way to labour at something which—perhaps because the Dons objected to it—we considered pleasure, while taking a vast amount of trouble to 'cut' the arrangements—rather superficial ones—provided by the



authorities for improving our minds. If the Dons were broken-hearted at our neglect, they never permitted the fact to appear. I, for my part, read just enough to make me regret ever since that I did not read more. So few people play whist now that the game is not as all-sufficing an accomplishment for elderly folk as it may once have been.

As an example of our determined laziness, I may say that it was not the fashion to write our own 'Themes.' A subject was given out, I think, once a week, and on it we were supposed to make a few remarks. As these were seldom glanced at, it might have been imagined that we could have undergone the not very arduous task of transcribing half a dozen or so of platitudes. But it was not so. The before-mentioned Boddington had to be called in to supply a few pages of twaddle at two-and-six. One or two found attraction in the careful elaboration of nonsense. I remember a description of a game of pool being thus dragged into a 'Theme.' It so happened that C., whose duty it was to read through this rubbish, for once did not neglect it. He laughed at *ruber ludit in maculoso albo*, but intimated there must be no more of such impudence. Perhaps my nearest approach—not very near—to a memory connected with reading is my entering the lecture room one morning to find that the desks and seats had all been removed—they had been burnt in Peckwater the previous night. For some reason, though I saw other bonfires in Peck, I saw nothing of this one. Public opinion was inclined to think it was going a little too far. I remember this as an occasion to which the generally ready 'Senior Censor' found himself absolutely unequal. Marius among the ruins of Carthage could scarcely have looked more overcome than did O. G. in the denuded room.

One thing leads to another, but it is time to bring these random recollections to a close. As I walk towards the station a mist arises, and I am sensible of a feeling as of ghostly companionship. At the station I see a middle-aged Don—at least, I suppose he is a Don of some sort—in college cap *and no gown* smoking a cigarette. He goes off to the refreshment room, and I perceive that he refreshes himself with 'Scotch cold.' Whatever were the deficiencies—and I am inclined to think them many and great—of the Dons in my day, there was room, it appears, for deterioration.

JOHN A. BRIDGES.

## *THAT TERRIBLE QUIDNUNC.*

### *A CRICKET STORY.*

#### I.

‘AND Charlie Thompson says one of them is a Quidnunc.’

This announcement, which was clearly intended to be the culminating feature of a sensational narrative, was followed by a melancholy silence. Evelyn and Nelly were appalled by its mystery, for they had no idea what a Quidnunc meant. Adoring sisters that they were, it was enough for them that their brother had spoken the word with a gloomy emphasis. Uncle Dennis whistled with surprise, and said, ‘By Jove! that’s serious.’

There was a conclave of four gathered under the chestnut tree on the lawn at Southleigh Hall one August morning. Percy Heywood, the sixteen-year-old squire of the village, was leaning against the trunk frowning the angry frown of petted youth. Evelyn, his elder sister, and Nelly, his junior by a year or two, lay on the turf at his feet regarding him with mournful sympathy, while his uncle, Captain Chaloner, sat on a deck chair with a straw hat tilted over his eyes and a pipe in his mouth. The pervading atmosphere was one of extreme depression.

‘A Quidnunc—what’s that?’ asked Nelly.

‘Everyone knows,’ replied Percy crossly, having learnt the fact himself about an hour ago. ‘It’s a crack Cambridge club, and you can’t get into it without being very good.’

‘A Quidnunc!’ said Uncle Dennis. ‘We can’t stand many Quidnuncs on the other side. Their form’s a bit above ours.’

The important cricket match between the villages of Southleigh and Endover was under discussion. It is a contest of old standing and is fought out with bitter rivalry, being, indeed, quite the event of the season in the neighbourhood. For three previous years Endover had been victorious, but Southleigh considered their own prospects brighter this summer than they had been for some time. The match was to be played on their ground, and they were noisily sanguine as to the result.

Several causes led to this hopeful view. The chief thing was

that the new Southleigh curate, Mr. Sparks, still possessed some shreds of an old college reputation as a fast bowler. He was not a good bowler, it is true, but he was very fast and sometimes got one straight. Rustic opponents, appalled by his pace, fell before him like nine-pins, and his name was one of dread to the surrounding cricket clubs. Again, Percy Heywood had come on greatly in the last twelve months, having got his second eleven colours at his public school. He had carried out his bat for fifteen against the County Asylum a few days ago, and the villagers, ever ready to chant his praises, esteemed his assistance very valuable.

Endover had not been equally fortunate. Their great bowler, a rat-catcher with lax views about the game-laws, had been unluckily detected in the act of catching rabbits in mistake for rats, and had been obliged to give up his cricket in the height of the season. His absence made a great gap in the side, and it set the tongues of the Southleigh villagers wagging, perhaps too freely, about the revenge they proposed to take upon their rivals.

Suddenly, and here comes the unlucky part, a disturbing rumour began to make itself heard. It was reported that a couple of Cambridge undergraduates, in selecting a place for some quiet reading in the vacation, had pitched upon the secluded little village of Endover. They took rooms at the 'Bull' Inn, and when it was understood that they were fond of cricket they were elected, without hesitation or even a request for a subscription, members of the Endover cricket club, on the understanding that they would appear against Southleigh. It would not have mattered had they been indifferent cricketers, but the worst of it was that a vague notion gained ground that they were extremely good. This had been to some extent confirmed by Charlie Thompson, son of the Vicar of Endover, who had explained with mysterious and malicious grins that one of them was a renowned batsman and a member of the Quidnuncs' cricket club.

There was no question about their qualification. Last summer Percy's tutor had played for Southleigh. He had only made two and had missed several catches, so that he was no manner of use. But the evil that he had done lived after him, and young Thompson was not slow to fling this unfortunate precedent into Percy's teeth in reply to the latter's indignant protest against playing outsiders.

The Southleigh yokels did not mind very much. To their

limited experience the presence of one or two strange cricketers made little or no difference. Roughly speaking, they did not believe in the prowess of any cricketer whom they had never seen before, and the new curate was, in their opinion, able to bowl out anybody. But Percy Heywood, with more cosmopolitan views, knew better, and made no secret in his own family circle of his uneasiness.

'We should have beaten them easily,' he said; 'and now as likely as not they will beat us. I do call it utter rot.'

'Well,' said Uncle Dennis, stretching himself more comfortably in his chair, 'let me hear more about this, Percy. Did you hear the names of these men?'

'Yes; they are two cousins called Raleigh, and there *was* a Raleigh in the Cambridge eleven this year.'

'So that thus far the story bears the stamp of truth,' said his uncle. 'It is really rather awkward.'

'It is most awkward,' admitted Evelyn. 'After all our boasting it would be dreadful to be beaten.'

'At any rate,' put in Nelly, 'only one of them is good.'

'Both *may* be good,' corrected her brother, 'and we know that one of them is very good.'

'Can't we do anything,' asked Nelly desperately, 'to stop this Quidnunc, or whatever he is, playing?'

'Couldn't you get your mother to invite him to dinner?' suggested Captain Chaloner. 'I'm all against poisoning as a general thing, but any coroner would bring this in as justifiable homicide, I feel convinced.'

'Now you are fooling, Uncle Dennis,' said Percy severely, 'and it is no joking matter, I can tell you. This Cambridge idiot makes all the difference to our chances.'

'Well, Percy,' said his uncle, 'I shall expect you to roam about all Friday night under the yew trees, as Lord Clive did on a famous occasion, and then utterly rout the foe the next day.'

'It wouldn't be very good for my eye,' said Percy. 'However,' he added, with unusual modesty, 'I shall get a duck anyhow.'

'Oh no, Percy,' put in Evelyn enthusiastically; 'think how well you played last Saturday.'

This kindly compliment roused the young squire's ill humour in a moment. 'What bosh you girls talk!' he remarked politely. 'That's the worst of girls. When it comes to a cricket match they are no use at all.'

His sisters held down their heads at this just rebuke, but Uncle Dennis controverted it with unusual vigour.

'That polite statement is not borne out by history,' he said. 'You entirely underrate the value of feminine assistance in a crisis like this. Why,' he added, slapping his knee, 'you have put into my head the very idea we wanted. There's Evelyn looking her best this morning. What human being—and even first-class cricketers have some of the weaknesses of humanity—could resist satisfying her lightest wish? Raleigh is the name of our enemy, and it has a courtly sound about it. No Raleigh could resist beauty in distress.'

'What are you talking about?' asked Percy in some astonishment.

'Talking about, indeed? Why, here is the solution of the riddle. Given a garden party—and you are going to one this afternoon, my fascinating niece, eh?'

'I am,' said Evelyn, laughing. 'To Lady Parker's.'

'Only a mile off Endover. There you encounter Mr. Raleigh. He is certain to be there. I picture it all. You treat him in your most charming manner, and, having thoroughly bewitched him, entreat him by all his vows of undying affection to betray the cause of Endover on Saturday. Promise to pour out tea for him after the match, on condition he gets out during the first over, and I warrant he does his utmost to merit the reward.'

'Well, if that's all you can suggest,' grumbled Percy, 'that Evy should go and make eyes at this Cambridge chap——'

'My good boy,' interrupted his uncle, 'my plan may be rather a wild one, but you don't seem to have one to offer at all. Evelyn is the sheet anchor of our hopes.'

## II.

'Let me introduce you to Miss Heywood,' said Lady Parker, bustling across the lawn with one of her guests, 'and then you will perhaps get up a game of croquet. Evelyn, my dear, this is Mr. Raleigh.'

Evelyn, who was talking to a friend of hers, turned round with a start at the mention of the name. Here were the opening conditions of her uncle's prophecy fulfilled already. Here, no doubt, was the terrible Quidnunc delivered over to her charms. The white parasol she was holding trembled in her hand as she

realised what momentous issues might hang upon this meeting. The fortunes of Southleigh were hers to make or mar. Opposite to her stood a tall young man bowing politely. He had an amiable face, with light eyes and some fair down serving him for a moustache. The unkind observer might possibly have compared his appearance to that of a newly hatched chicken of the buff Orpington variety. He looked a little unfledged and unfinished, especially about his half-opened mouth, while at the same time there showed itself in his manner an easy self-satisfaction as of one who is an assured social success.

Miss Heywood arrived quickly at two conclusions. Firstly, this was obviously the great cricketer, and, secondly, his face of blameless innocence suggested to her practised eye that some measure of conquest was not beyond the range of her powers of fascination. She decided at once to carry out her duty to her brother and the village cricket team.

‘I have heard of you before, Mr. Raleigh,’ she began, plunging into the fray with a compliment. ‘Your reputation as a cricketer has gone before you. I live at Southleigh, you know, and we are in terror about your playing against us next Saturday for Endover. We think we have no chance.’

‘Ah, Southleigh is the name, is it?’ said Mr. Raleigh, who spoke with a kind of lisp in his voice as if he were holding in his upper lip. ‘I heard there was some match on, and my cousin Peter and I were asked to play. One is glad to do anything, for there doesn’t seem much goin’ on.’

‘You should have come to Southleigh,’ Miss Heywood said, beaming sweetly on him, as they strolled over the grass. ‘It is a delightful village.’

‘It must be, I am sure,’ assented Mr. Raleigh, with becoming condescension. He was thinking how attractive this young lady was, and how pleasantly disposed she seemed to be. So far as he could see she was the beauty of the occasion, and he felt that in accordance with his invariable custom he was getting on capitally.

‘And your cousin,’ asked Evelyn, ‘is he here?’

‘Somewhere about,’ said Mr. Raleigh, indifferently. ‘This kind o’ thing ain’t much in Peter’s line; he didn’t want to come, but I fetched him along. He don’t shine much on occasions like this.’

‘Whereas you enjoy yourself in society?’

'Pretty well,' he admitted. 'One must have something to do after readin' all morning.'

Evelyn, a little uneasy about Peter, glanced at her companion to reassure herself. Surely that well-fitting Norfolk jacket testified to athletics; surely that parti-coloured tie betrayed the cricketer. There could be no mistake.

Their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by Lady Parker's voice from behind. 'Now, you two young people,' she cried, 'you must start the croquet. But, Mr. Raleigh, where is your cousin? I have not seen him for the last half-hour, and I want him to play too.'

At this moment there was a yell of delight from the laurel bushes that skirted the lawn, and a small boy burst out clapping his hands and shrieking with excitement.

'Jack, my darling child,' called out Lady Parker, 'you'll have a sunstroke if you rush about like this; besides, look at your suit——' and she dusted him superficially.

'Oh, it's such fun, mother,' said Jack. 'We are trappers, and Mr. Raleigh is an Indian. I do believe he has caught Clement just behind the arbour, and he is going to cook and eat him. I must go and see; it will be such fun.'

'It sounds great fun,' said Lady Parker, 'especially for Clement. But will you tell Mr. Raleigh I want him? Say there will be tea in half an hour, and beg him to spare Clement. If he is very hungry he may have a piece of cake.'

'And afterwards,' panted the child, 'Mr. Raleigh is perhaps going to be a lion, and we shall have to light a fire to keep him off. Lions won't face fire, he says.'

With that he trotted away to face the perils of the shrubberies, and Lady Parker crossed over to the place where Miss Heywood and Mr. Raleigh were standing.

'It is so good of your cousin to play with the boys,' she said, 'and I declare he seems quite to enjoy it.'

'Ah, that's Peter all over,' said the young man, tolerantly. 'Give him some children to humbug about with and he is as happy as possible.'

'I hope he won't mind playing croquet,' his hostess observed.

'Not he,' answered Raleigh. 'He'll always do anything he's asked.'

As they spoke the object of their remarks drew near, coming down the garden path. Either hand grasped the moist fingers of



the small scions of the house of Parker, and it was clear that they were busily plotting some further great game.

The second Mr. Raleigh was shorter in stature, and altogether less distinguished in exterior than his cousin. Evelyn, surveying him with suspicion, saw no suggestion of a celebrity about his old cloth cap and general untidiness. It is true his shoulders were square and his build muscular, but he sported no gay colours or striped ribbons. There could be no comparison between the two strangers, and the siren of Southleigh turned with a sigh of relieved uncertainty towards her companion. Her duty appeared more definite than ever.

'Do let me play with you,' she said to him in a delightfully confidential whisper. 'I know you are far the best.'

Mr. Raleigh seemed to like it laid on thick, for he smiled with much satisfaction as he vaguely disclaimed the superiority attributed to him.

'Now,' said Lady Parker, 'I will get Grace Ommaney, and that will make up your four.'

And she returned in a few minutes with the lady in question, who timidly protested that she was a very poor croquet player.

'That's all right,' said Peter, 'because I am about as bad as they are made.'

'Then,' Lady Parker said, little knowing with what important issues she was interfering, 'you shall play on the same side as Miss Heywood, for I know she is extremely good.'

'Very well,' said Peter, obediently.

But this arrangement did not, as may be supposed, suit the views of Miss Heywood. 'If it's all the same,' she put in, smiling sweetly, 'I think this Mr. Raleigh and I will play together.' And she indicated Peter's cousin with the handle of her mallet.

Their good-natured hostess seemed slightly surprised, and Peter looked rather blank at this, but the other Mr. Raleigh settled the point by saying, 'Come on, Miss Heywood. Do we decide who is red and who is blue by tossin' or how?' With that he knocked the balls to the starting-place, and all the preliminaries appeared to be settled.

The game itself was not very keenly contested. Miss Heywood was found so often in earnest and private confabulation with her partner that their tactics at least must have been fully discussed, while Miss Ommaney and Peter, justifying their own

modest estimate of their abilities, were outclassed from the first, and soon dropped behind.

Indeed, the match was so one-sided as eventually to become rather dull, and to the losers at any rate the end came as a relief. Miss Heywood indulged in lavish praise of her partner's abilities throughout, praise which, to some extent, was merited, for he played with undoubted skill, confirming her impression of his all-round excellence.

'And now,' she said, when the game was over, 'let us celebrate our victory with some tea. I am sure we deserve it, for we got on so well together.'

They walked off towards the drawing-room, Mr. Raleigh beside himself with gratification, and Evelyn secretly wondering how best she might approach the topic of Saturday's match, and prevail upon the champion of Endover either to withdraw his support altogether from the cause of his adopted village, or else, if that were impossible, to work as little damage as might be to Southleigh. Behind came Miss Ommaney and Peter, the latter very much put to it for appropriate remarks, and humbly wishing, as he contemplated the friendly couple in front, that he was better at this game, by which he meant talking to the opposite sex.

When tea was over Evelyn lured her victim to an unfrequented part of the garden, where, in the cavity of a ponderous yew hedge, a garden seat seemed especially adapted for whispers of a tender nature.

'I am sure you want to smoke, Mr. Raleigh,' she said, 'and I shall neither object nor betray you. It is pleasant to be so far away from the crowd of people, isn't it?'

'Very pleasant,' assented Mr. Raleigh, producing his cigarette case. He felt in a general kind of way that, to adopt his own phrase, he was going it a bit, but at the same time he perhaps appreciated the spectacular value of being seen in Miss Heywood's company more highly than the intellectual exertion of a private interview with her.

A few diplomatic remarks brought the conversation round to cricket. 'I suppose you mean to make a huge score for Endover on Saturday,' said Miss Heywood with assumed calmness. 'We are, as I told you, dreadfully frightened of you.'

'Oh, I don't know,' he answered. 'These village matches, you know, are uncertain things. The wicket plays funny and one gets out before one knows where one is.'

'My brother Percy is going to play for Southleigh.'

'Ah! Is he any good? Does he bowl?'

'No; but he bats pretty well, I believe,' said Evelyn. 'Please don't bowl him out.'

'I'm not likely to be put on,' he replied, 'so I can promise that.'

There was a short pause and then Evelyn sighed heavily.

'Though I shall look forward to seeing you on Saturday,' she said, 'I really almost wish you were not going to play. It is hard on us.'

'I suppose we are booked for it,' he replied; 'you see, Peter——'

'Oh, don't bring in your cousin,' cried Miss Heywood. 'It is you we are afraid of.'

This view of the case was very flattering to Mr. Raleigh, and he smiled benignly at the enchantress beside him.

'I hope you will get out first ball,' she said, with an affectation of airiness. 'Will you to please me?' she added with a tender emphasis.

'Oh, I say,' Mr. Raleigh answered, 'that ain't fair on me, askin' me to give the show away. You had better speak to Peter——'

'Bother Peter!' she exclaimed, blind in her eagerness to the hints which he showered upon her. 'He doesn't signify.'

'Doesn't he?' thought Mr. Raleigh, as he turned the matter over in his own mind, conscious that the bright eyes of Miss Heywood were fixed upon him. This young lady appeared to rate his cricket abilities so favourably that it would be bad taste to contradict her. On the whole, his dazzled intellect found her proposal not an unpleasant one, for here gallantry pointed out a way in which failure itself might be readily explained. A considerable score against Southleigh would mean a highminded and incorruptible spirit; a trivial one would be set down, in one quarter at least, to courteous goodnature.

'You can't think,' she went on, 'how anxious my brother Percy is about the match. I do hope he makes a good many runs.'

'So do I, I'm sure,' Mr. Raleigh declared cordially, and he put in with an approach to sentiment, 'provided it gives you pleasure,' tittering rather nervously as he spoke.

At this moment there was a disturbance in the yew hedge, and one of Lady Parker's sons plunged out from its black and dusty

depths. The interruption was inconvenient, for Evelyn was scarcely confident yet of the Quidnunc's allegiance.

'Look here,' said the boy, 'this will be great fun. I'll hide here behind the hedge. They'll never think of looking here. Isn't it fun?' he repeated, shaking with amusement, and regarding the incident purely from his own point of view. At the same time he crouched down behind the garden seat. 'You go on talking, and then they won't notice,' he suggested.

Time was short, and Evelyn endeavoured to carry on her strategy as if no hot little urchin were curled up in her neighbourhood.

'You will not forget what I have said,' she continued gently.

'Cuckoo!' cried the concealed boy in a piping voice.

'We can't go on talkin',' said Mr. Raleigh; 'at least not very well.'

'Do you see them coming?' asked a voice from behind the seat, 'or shall I call again?'

This necessity was obviated by the sound of steps on the gravel, and then Peter came up peering about with well-feigned nervousness. Catching a glimpse of the hidden Jack he called out, 'I spy Jack,' and started off at a brisk run. Out darted Jack from his retreat and caught Peter in about ten yards, though Peter's exertions conveyed the impression that he was running furiously hard.

The spell seemed to be broken between the two spectators of this amusement. 'We ought to be steppin', Peter,' Mr. Raleigh shouted to his cousin. 'I'm sure you've fooled about enough with those kids.'

Peter assented, and Evelyn suddenly remembered that her mother had ordered the carriage at a quarter to six, so they returned to the house.

'The time has passed so quickly,' she said, shaking Mr. Raleigh's hand. 'But you will remember. I shall see you on Saturday. Good-bye.' And with a slight bow to Peter she got into the carriage.

'You made great friends with that young Cambridge man,' observed her mother proudly. 'That is the great cricketer, no doubt.'

Evelyn's expression was weary but triumphant. 'I hope so,' she said, with a satisfied sigh.

## III.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the Endover match, a considerable crowd of onlookers had collected in the meadow which forms the Southleigh cricket ground. The little hut of corrugated zinc, where the scorer sat, was crowded to suffocation with the home team making some not very elaborate alterations in their attire. Out in the open the curate was ostentatiously practising, hitting ridiculously high and bowling absurdly fast. Beneath the hedge which divided the field from the Hall plantations, the Heywood party were gathered on rugs and campstools.

Needless to say Evelyn had detailed her garden-party escapade to confidential ears, and it had been hailed as a great stroke by her uncle and Nelly, though Percy, with fraternal want of appreciation, was sceptical about its success.

'There they are!' cried Nelly, as the Endover men came through the gate.

'And there's Mr. Raleigh,' said Evelyn. '*My* Mr. Raleigh. I wonder if he will come across and speak to us.'

The other three gazed in awe at the gentleman referred to. He looked very impressive with his big yellow cricket bag, his spotlessly white boots, and his gay colours, in cap, coat, ribbon, and sash, all complete. He was not long in noticing the Hall circle and in joining them.

'How are you?' he said to Miss Heywood. 'Jolly afternoon, ain't it?'

Evelyn introduced him to Captain Chaloner, her brother and younger sister having at that moment left their places in order to inspect their opponents more closely, and he made himself very much at home on Percy's campstool.

'Well, you've begun well,' he remarked genially; 'won the toss, I hear.'

'Southleigh,' said Uncle Dennis politely, 'will get an innings anyhow.'

'We've nothin' of a side, you know,' explained Mr. Raleigh. 'If Peter and I get out,' he continued with innocent egotism, 'the rest ain't worth twenty runs between 'em.'

'If you get out,' said Evelyn. 'That "if" makes all the differ-

ence. But remember, Mr. Raleigh, no tea for anyone who gets a hundred for Endover.'

'I'll qualify for tea all right,' he said, rising and throwing away his cigarette. 'I thought I'd leave my coat here, if you don't mind.'

'I'll look after it,' said Miss Heywood, and the grey eyes of Uncle Dennis twinkled approval.

'You're a wonder, Evy,' he remarked. 'If he's the right man we ought to win.'

'Evelyn's Raleigh must be the good one,' declared Percy, who presently rejoined them, 'because we have seen the other one—he's wearing a shabby cloth cap.'

'And an old pair of tennis shoes,' sniffed Nelly.

'And he hasn't even got a bat or pads,' added her brother.

'The other one is dressed for the part, anyhow,' said Captain Chaloner. 'He's got all the colours of the rainbow about him.'

The Southleigh men were evidently on their mettle, and their batting began in promising fashion. The Endover bowling was poor, the ratcatcher being much missed, and there were only four wickets down when fifty was hoisted on the telegraph board. The Messrs. Raleigh, on whom eager eyes were fixed, did nothing at all. Peter was at long slip and long on, and moved moodily about among the thistles. His cousin placed himself at point, where he talked a good deal, issuing unofficial directions to his colleagues and giving advice in a fatherly tone to the batsmen.

Percy, who was in seventh, stayed for about twenty minutes, and got eleven runs chiefly in the slips and to leg. The last wicket fell for 101, which was generally voted an enormous total. The Southleigh adherents were jubilant, and those of Endover despondent and silent.

Between the innings Peter was brought across by Percy, who was in a friendly frame of mind. Though insignificant compared to his cousin, the Heywood party took rather a fancy to Peter's honest face and simple manners. Besides, secure in the expectation of victory, they were magnanimously inclined.

The magnificent Mr. Raleigh had, it transpired, settled the order of going in, and had put himself down first with the Endover schoolmaster, who was renowned for his cautious method of batting. A concession to indigenous talent caused him to put three natives of Endover in next, and then came Peter. Before the second phase of the struggle began Evelyn's hero talked

with her for a few moments underneath the hedge. He was padded and gloved for the conflict, and appeared the picture of confidence.

'Now, if I get out,' he said, 'you will know the reason.'

'And appreciate it,' she replied, complimentary to the last.

Meanwhile, some little distance away, Peter was unconsciously filling Uncle Dennis with sad misgivings.

'To look at him,' he said, nodding his head towards his cousin, who was making a series of preliminary strokes at the air, 'you might think he was some good.'

'And isn't he?'

'He's very good,' said Peter laughing, 'until the ball comes. And then—well, he doesn't hit it as often as some people do. It's a detail, of course, but still it's a useful knack.'

'The choicest schemes of mice and men,' said Uncle Dennis to himself regretfully.

'They are going out to field,' observed Peter. 'I must borrow a bat.'

The curate started the bowling down hill, and the Endover schoolmaster snicked his second ball for a single. Then followed one of the sensations of the match. His third delivery flew past Mr. Raleigh's sticks, and the next knocked his off-stump out of the ground.

There was a roar of Southleigh applause. Evelyn and Nelly both clapped hysterically, and their example was followed, though more soberly, by their uncle. The defeated giant hid himself in the pavilion, but Peter, undismayed by the calamity that had overtaken his side, walked round the field.

'I've got the curate's pads,' he announced, 'an Endover club glove, and, best of all, the butcher boy's bat. I hear it is a famous weapon, mellowed with age. Isn't it a rich colour?' and he held it out for their inspection. 'Look at the silver plate on the back. I never played with a bat with a silver plate on before.'

'Oh, there's another man out,' cried Evelyn, as a second wicket fell. 'Well bowled, Mr. Sparks!'

The curate was in exceptional form. He took a long run and slung the ball in as fast as possible, careless as to its length and direction. The early dismissal of Mr. Raleigh had inspirited him, and none of the Endover men could touch him. The next batsman was bowled first ball with a full pitch; he had retreated somewhere to short leg, and gazed moodily at his disturbed wicket from that discreet distance.



'That parson's a terror,' said Peter; and then he added pensively, 'he wants hitting.'

Evelyn and Nelly smiled scornfully, but Captain Chaloner, to whom the truth was all too obvious, asked Peter, with what seemed unnecessary earnestness, whether he liked fast bowling. As for the two girls, they thought it absurd to treat a cricketer seriously who had to borrow a bat from the butcher's boy.

'Oh, I don't know,' Peter answered, 'all sorts look pretty difficult when you're waiting to go in. There's another sportsman gone!' he cried, as the curate shot another stump out. 'And it's me to get the parson. Good gracious!'

Four wickets for seven runs was the dismal total as Peter stepped to the wickets, and took guard with a foolish unconcern about the gravity of the position. He began by playing the curate's first ball off his legs for two, and he hit the last ball of the over on the off side for a single, running with a promptness and decision that was slightly discomposing. The national schoolmaster meanwhile was plodding on steadily, having tremendously narrow shaves but not getting out.

Twenty went up in a painfully short time, and Peter faced the curate again. A rank half-volley was driven with astounding violence against the palings at the end of the ground, while amid general excitement the redoubtable Peter lifted the next clean on to the roof of the little pavilion, upon which the ball fell with a sounding thump. Mr. Sparks resorted to the customary expedient of pitching the next very short, and Peter, turning round, hit it hard and high on the leg side into the branches of an adjacent oak tree. A knot of supporters of Endover began to chuckle and cheer with reviving hope.

The other Mr. Raleigh now ventured out of his seclusion and sought Miss Heywood's side. But he scarcely found the favour in her eyes to which his heroic self-sacrifice in the opening over had entitled him. Evelyn was biting her lip angrily, and she looked upon him with a manifestly reduced enthusiasm.

'This is one of Peter's good days,' he said to the company in general.

'It looks like a very good day,' replied Captain Chaloner. 'He has good days, then?'

'Yes, and on his good days there isn't a better bat to watch in England,' continued Mr. Raleigh, apparently quite ignorant of the sensation he was causing.

'Well,' said Uncle Dennis, 'I shall have these girls flying down my throat, but I must say we don't often see cricket like this.'

'Rum chap, Peter,' Mr. Raleigh said reflectively. 'He doesn't like cricket.'

'Then I wish to goodness he wouldn't play,' said Nelly viciously. 'That's fifty up and Mr. Peter has got thirty-nine.'

'Nobody would think he was any use at all to look at him,' the young man went on. 'He never talks cricket either—but on his good days——'

'As you said before,' snapped Evelyn, 'he is very good.'

Mr. Raleigh gazed at her in mild astonishment, having happily no inkling of the vexation that was tormenting her spirit.

'Well,' he protested, 'I did my best for you, Miss Heywood, eh?'

'Yes,' said Captain Chaloner hastily, 'and she is very much obliged to you. You will come in and have tea?'

'They only want thirty-five more,' Nelly said dolefully.

As she spoke the national schoolmaster succumbed to an easy catch in the slips. He had only made nine runs, but his contribution was valuable, out of all proportion to its size. Peter had meanwhile grievously injured the venerable bat which he had borrowed, and an Endover man, wreathed in smiles, carried out to him another, a pale new weapon. It proved, however, quite as efficacious as the discarded one, and Peter wielded it with as much vigour as ever.

'If we could only get him out,' groaned Nelly, 'we might beat them yet.' But unfortunately the thing was not to be, and Peter, to whom all the bowling seemed to come alike, soon made the winning hit, a huge drive out of the ground. 'Biggest 'it as hiver Oi saw,' was the Southleigh umpire's comment.

'Well, now it's all over I shall go,' Evelyn exclaimed, rising from her seat. 'I call it a horrid shame.'

'I'll bring Mr. Raleigh, or rather both of them, in to tea,' said Uncle Dennis.

The Endover total reached 142, and the despised Peter made 101 before he was neatly caught by Percy Heywood in the slips.

Perhaps Uncle Dennis may have spoken a word in season to his young relatives, or perhaps Peter's own modesty rendered his success less bitter. Anyhow, Percy forgot his sorrows in admiration of so great an expert, and Nelly stared in open-eyed

astonishment at him. Even Miss Heywood gave him tea, and unbent to some degree of graciousness. But nothing would induce him to talk about his innings except to congratulate Percy on catching him. He seemed to look on this as the most brilliant feat of the day.

'I never thought you would have reached it,' he said. 'I call it a thundering good catch. I got out just like that against the Australians this year.'

'Did you get many?' they asked, awestruck and respectful.

'Ninety-four,' said Peter. 'I had a bit of luck, though,' he added, 'for they said I was out, caught at the wicket, when I'd got ten!'

'It was one of your good days,' said Evelyn, smiling demurely. 'Do you like sugar?'

Talking over the match in the evening, Uncle Dennis delivered himself of the following sentiment: 'If ever the same position occurs again,' he said, 'we must remember that indifferent cricketers make themselves agreeable to the ladies; first-class ones play with the children. It is a suggestive conclusion somehow.'

ALFRED COCHRANE.

‘POLYGLOT RUSSIAN SCANDAL’  
IN THE SIXTIES.

WHEN, in the May number of *THE CORNHILL*, I was privileged to publish the results of a somewhat elaborate experiment in translation under the title of ‘Polyglot Russian Scandal,’ I rashly laid claim to originality. Retribution has quickly followed, and Mr. W. B. Pike, in the rôle of the candid friend, destroys my pretensions and informs me that something very similar had been done at Cambridge by some friends of his father as long ago as ‘the Sixties.’ Fortunately for us the results of that experiment have been preserved—most fortunately, in the fact that it was the produce of the brains of a very remarkable group of scholars, now, alas! all but one of them, gone *ad majores*.

By the courtesy of Mrs. Amos, in whose possession the MS. has been preserved, and of Professor Jebb, the sole survivor of the group, and author of the Greek version, I am enabled to present the outcome of this early experiment to the readers of *THE CORNHILL*.

In the following note Professor Jebb has been kind enough to embody for me particulars of those who were his collaborators in the undertaking. Writing from Springfield, Cambridge, he says:

“W. G. C. :” William George Clark, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and from 1857 to 1869 Public Orator in the University: co-editor with Mr. W. Aldis Wright of the “Cambridge Shakespeare.”

“W. S. :” William Selwyn, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity from 1855 to 1875.

“E. D. :” Emmanuel Deutsch, of the British Museum, an eminent Hebraist, and author of an article on the Talmud which appeared in the “Quarterly Review” of October 1867.

“F. L. :” Frederick Locker, the poet.

“J. M. :” J. Milsand, of Dijon, to whom Robert Browning dedicated “Sordello.”

R. C. J.’

I may perhaps be allowed, in self-justification, to point out that, although the experiment of ‘the Sixties’ is somewhat on the

same lines as mine, it is not on all fours with it. In that of thirty years ago only the first and last of the series of translations and re-translations were in English; whereas in the later series English was not only alternated with each of the foreign languages, but was also required to be isometric, by which even the unlearned were enabled to follow the development or weakening of the original motive.

With these few remarks I leave the interesting work of 'the Sixties' to speak for itself, merely adding that history (or fiction) relates that a great French novelist translated 'Paradise Lost' into French prose, and that years afterwards a hack-writer came along, and, taking it for an original romance, re-translated and published it as an English novel. So that perhaps even the venture of 'the Sixties' had its unconscious prototype!

#### THE EXPERIMENT IN 'THE SIXTIES.'

The 'Field' had announced that the beautiful Miss X., while fishing in Scotland, had landed a salmon weighing 13 lbs.

No artificial flies my fancy took,  
Nature's own magic lured me to your hook:  
Play me no more—no thought to 'scape have I—  
But land me, land me, at your feet to die.—W. G. C.

Delia, cur mutos pisces et flumina semper,  
Digna frui preda nobiliore, colis?  
Ipse loquens, vocique paratus reddere vocem,  
Oro te, precibus me cape capta meis:  
Nil opus est lino fallacem ducere muscam,  
Vox tua perpetuo me trahit imperio.  
Desine; lusisti nimium; servatus ab undis  
Colloce ante tuos emoriarque pedes.—W. S.

Πρὸς τί, Χλόη, ποταμούς τε καὶ ἰχθύας αἰὲν ἀναύδους,  
ἔξ ὧν ἄγραις χαίρειν κρείσσειν, ἀμφιπολεῖς;  
αὐτός, ἔχων φωνεῖν τ' ἀγορευούσῃ τ' ἀγορεύειν,  
ἀντιβολῶ σ', αἶρει ταῖσδ' ἐμ' ἀλούσα λιταῖς.  
μηδ' ἔτι μὴν ἰθὺς μνίας δελείασμα παρέλκειν·  
σὸν γὰρ αἰεὶ μ' ἔλκει φθέγμα βία προσάγον.  
παῦε· λίαν γὰρ ἔπαισας· ἐγὼ δ' ὑδάτων ἀποσωθεὶς  
σοῖσι προσαρθεῖην κάποθάνοιμι ποσσίν.—R. C. J.

Wie doch, O Chloe, um Flüsse und Fische, ewiglich schweigsam  
—Harret doch edler Wild Dein!—wandelst Du stetig einher?  
Ich nun, mit Stimme begabt, Dir Redenden Rede zu stehen  
Flehe Dich, greife mich auf, von meinen Flehen erweicht,

Nimmer von Dir bedarf es der fliegenbeköderten Angel,  
 Zieht ja Dein Ton fürwahr Dir mich mit Allgewalt nach.  
 O lass ab ! Allzulang tändelst Du. Fänd ich nur, fluthbefreit, endlich  
 Von Deinen Händen erfasst, zu Deinen Füßen den Tod.—E. D.

Pourquoi, ta ligne en main et le front en sueur,  
 Fatiguer ton beau corps à courir sur la rive ?  
 Qu'as tu besoin de mouche, et d'hameçon trompeur ?

Enfant naïve,  
 Une plus noble proie est là qui s'offre à toi,  
 Dis un mot, et pour voir dans un œil un sourire,  
 J'accours du fond des eaux. Que tardes-tu ? Prends-moi !  
 Et, pressé dans tes mains, à tes pieds que j'expire.—J. M.

Why rod in hand and glowing, why ?  
 My simple little dear,  
 What need have you with hook and fly  
 To come a-fishing here ?  
 Smile but one smile, I'll gladly do  
 Much more than you desire ;  
 I'll swim to you—and quickly, too—  
 And at your feet expire.—F. L.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD

*THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BIGAMIST  
ON RECORD.*

IN the latter part of the seventeenth century there was practising in the town of Banbury a young surgeon named William Morrell. Of his antecedents little was known, except that he came from Worcestershire, and had been a ship's doctor. His address was so pleasing that he soon became a general favourite, and flourished accordingly. He married a respectable widow of the place, who had money, and had to all appearance a prosperous and honourable professional career before him.

But Morrell's social gifts were not wholly to his advantage. He was the best of good company, and this recommended him to the society of the gentry of the neighbourhood. Whilst he enjoyed their hospitalities his practice was neglected, and he became hopelessly involved in money difficulties. Under these circumstances he made up his mind to take French leave of all his troubles and responsibilities and start on a new career—to begin life as a professional bigamist!

He had a man-servant as little troubled with scruples as himself, who agreed to share his adventures, and who proved a worthy Sancho for such a Don Quixote. Their first exploit was achieved at Brailes, a Warwickshire village not many miles from Banbury, but on the particulars of it we need not enter. The wife married, and deserted in a few days, was merely the daughter of a well-to-do country artificer; and the affair had no special influence on his future career, except as furnishing funds to enable him to appear shortly afterwards at Ludlow in all the splendour proper to a fine gentleman of the period.

The name which he gave there was that of an honourable Berkshire family, but he made no parade of rank or wealth. The part he elected to take was that of the prince in disguise, who for reasons of his own courted retirement. He found a lodging in the house of a prosperous tradesman, the eldest of whose two handsome daughters had a fortune at her own disposal. This young lady had romantic ideas, and was naturally interested in the mysterious stranger, who soon began to show her particular attentions.



The father, a shrewd man, was little inclined to favour an unknown suitor; but he was no match for Morrell. Before going out for the day, that gentleman one morning, by a premeditated accident, left the drawer unlocked in which he kept his papers. That the females of the family would yield to curiosity was a foregone conclusion. In the drawer were business letters such as the owner of a large estate might be supposed to receive from his steward, tenants, &c., and among them was one in a feminine hand, in which a sister begged her brother to return home, and no longer to withhold his consent to her marriage.

These convincing documents were read by the daughters, and even shown to the father, and they had the desired result. A marriage followed; and now the mysterious bridegroom professed to make a clean breast of it. His reason for leaving his mansion and seeking this retreat was that his young sister, who was also his ward, had formed an unsuitable attachment; and, as she could not marry and retain her fortune without his consent, he had thought it better to withdraw till the affair had cooled down; he was so fond of her that he feared if he remained with her she would coax him into letting her have her way against his better judgment. He said, however, that he had failed in keeping his hiding-place altogether a secret; a Berkshire neighbour had seen and known him at the recent Ludlow Fair, since which time certain letters had reached him.

Before the wedding festivities were well over, Morrell's valuable man-servant, Tom, appeared on the scene. He came in hot haste, booted and spurred. He was now his worship's steward. His most startling news was that his young mistress had eloped—disappeared; but he also brought the information that urgent business required his master's attention in Bristol.

Close on his heels came a second messenger, a footboy in smart livery. He bore a letter from the lost sister. She had left home only to seek out her hard-hearted brother. She had come so far as Hereford; there her courage had failed her. She begged him to come to her at that place.

The bride—she was of a romantic turn—pleaded for the poor young lady, and the bridegroom consented to go to her. But there were difficulties; he had no horse, and the steward in his haste had left home with but a few pounds in his pocket. Yet these were trifles easily arranged. The bride's father kept a fine horse, and he was only too happy to lend it. The Bristol business would

involve some heavy disbursements, and to meet these the bride's fortune was paid over. The squire, attended by his two servants, was to ride to Hereford and bring his sister back with him to Ludlow, whilst the steward went on to Bristol.

That the bride looked as vainly for the return of her spouse as did the father for that of his horse needs scarcely to be said. Morrell had, as he thought, taken his final leave of Ludlow and of all that belonged to it; but he was to hear more of the lady later on—and to his cost.

The whole of this hero's exploits would take long in the telling; but a little later he was at Bath, where in the character of a Norfolk squire he carried off the daughter of a rich innkeeper; at Slough, as a wealthy London merchant, he wooed and won the only daughter of a gentleman of property; and from a fashionable boarding-school at Wells he eloped with an orphan heiress. All these, with several other wives, he plundered and deserted; and after a time we find him in London, under the name of Sir Charles Bowyer, paying his addresses to the widow of a wealthy citizen.

This lady was past the age of romance, but the prospect of becoming 'My Lady Bowyer' tickled her vanity. Preparations for the wedding were in progress when one day as they walked through Cheapside he took her into a goldsmith's shop. He greeted the goldsmith effusively, and then selected some two hundred pounds' worth of plate, which he ordered to be engraved with the Bowyer arms, and to be ready against a certain day—by which day, the baronet remarked casually, his steward would have sent him a remittance of six hundred pounds.

On the day named Sir Charles presented himself at the house of his intended in a state of virtuous indignation—no remittance had arrived, and he would be obliged to break his promise. The good lady produced two hundred guineas in gold, and begged him to satisfy his friend the goldsmith. His feelings of delicacy caused him at first to decline; but he allowed himself to be persuaded, and took the gold.

As he did not return, the lady became apprehensive that some accident might have happened to him, and went herself to Cheapside. No Sir Charles had been at the shop. The goldsmith suggested the possibility of fraud. 'But he was your friend. You shook hands with him.'

'He shook hands with me. It is not for me to decline the

civilities of my customers. But as to the gentleman you call Sir Charles Bowyer, I had never set eyes on him before.'

The climate of England was now becoming somewhat overwarm for our adventurer, and with the widow's guineas he betook himself to the wars in the Low Countries, where for a time he served as a volunteer. But he did not distinguish himself—his talents were rather for love than war—and he was soon home again, penniless, and living by his old tricks.

Of the Ludlow wife it is to be observed that she was, however romantic her ideas may have been, a young woman of spirit and resolution. To hunt down and bring to justice her faithless spouse was now the chief object of her life. It had been suggested to her that some information about him might possibly be found in the records of Newgate; and on this she came to London.

The inn at which she stayed was at the bottom of Holborn, and here she met with a kind, matronly person newly arrived from Oxfordshire. The two women naturally confided to each other the business which had brought them to London. Their errand it appeared, was the same, each was in search of a runaway husband, and on comparing notes they became convinced that both were in pursuit of the same man—the elder woman was Morrell's Banbury wife.

Their common trouble made them friends. They took a lodging together somewhat higher in Holborn, where by a curious coincidence it so happened that Morrell was at that very time paying his addresses to the daughter of the house.

The two discarded wives had agreed to act in concert against the common enemy. They now had a new ally in the person of their landlady. A warrant was secured, and all arrangements were made for capturing the gay deceiver when he next came wooing.

Bigamy was a capital offence in those days, and it may reasonably be expected that the ingenious Morrell was now near the end of his tether. But it so happened that before the plot against him could be put into execution, he was met face to face in the street by his real wife. She was so much affected as to be on the point of fainting, but Morrell was equal to the occasion. He promptly helped her into the nearest tavern, gave her the where-withal to restore her spirits, and when she recovered listened to her reproaches with an air of penitence. He then told her that he had never willingly forsaken her; he had been driven by necessity;

but now, when he was no longer in want, he desired only that the past might be forgiven.

In short, Mrs. Morrell was completely talked over. It was arranged that the reunited pair should settle in town, where he could find full scope for his abilities as a medical man. In her delight at the recovery of her husband, Mrs. Morrell, of course, betrayed the plans of her allies, and their arrangements for his capture came to nothing.

Mrs. Morrell still had her furniture at Banbury, and this was brought to a house in Westminster; but her second honeymoon was of short duration. One evening, after spending the day with a cousin, she came home to find her house cleared and her husband missing. She returned to Banbury to be kept by the parish.

Morrell's triumphant escape on the above occasion did not dishearten the Ludlow wife, and he had yet to learn that an injured and determined woman is not an enemy to be despised. She still pursued him, and at her instance he was arrested in the Midlands, and lodged in Worcester Gaol. His trial, however, took place in London, whither he was removed under a writ of *habeas corpus* at the cost of a Southwark clergyman, whose daughter had been one of his victims.

He was indicted for marrying *six* wives, and the six ladies were all in court ready to give evidence against him. But they had not that satisfaction. He pleaded guilty, and admitted not the six marriages only, but *twelve* others; so that he had by his own showing *eighteen* wives living at that time. And having done this, he claimed the benefit of an old Act by which the punishment of death might be commuted to branding in the hand and a term of imprisonment. His plea was allowed by the court.

As the branding was humanely done with a *cool* iron, and as the term of imprisonment was short, Mr. Morrell's sentence was not too severe; but the judge at the same time directed that one of the wives—the daughter of the Southwark clergyman was the lady selected—should enter an action against him for five thousand pounds damages, and remanded him to Newgate till this claim should be settled. This was probably considered tantamount to imprisonment for life.

Though his prospects could not well have looked more gloomy, Morrell did not despair. Before long he contrived to get himself

transferred from Newgate to the more easy custody of the King's Bench; and when there exerted all his remarkable powers of pleasing on the Marshal. He was successful; a certain amount of liberty was allowed him, and he showed his appreciation of it by giving his patron leg-bail. A heavy reward was offered for his recapture, but with no result.

But all these events had brought him well into the downhill of life. He had no longer those personal graces which fitted him for the gay deceiver, and his career as a bigamist was practically over. He made a few more marriages; they were not brilliant ones—mostly with mature servant-maids for the sake of their savings—but rather devoted his talents to frauds of other kinds, and these were always ingenious and often comic. For Morrell, if he had no conscience, had a fine sense of humour. Indeed, the last exploit of his life was scarcely more a swindle than a jest, and he may be said to have laughed at the world as he left it.

On a certain December afternoon, as Mr. Thomas Cullin, baker, stood at his shop door in the Strand, he observed a person of perhaps sixty years of age looking about him as if in some perplexity. His clothes were not new or smart, but they and his bearing were those of a gentleman. Mr. Cullin politely asked if he could be of service.

The stranger answered that he was newly come from the country, and was looking for a lodging. The shopkeeper invited him to step within.

He complied. He had that easy way which makes a man at home everywhere. He spoke of himself without reserve. He was from Oxfordshire, from the neighbourhood of Banbury, from a place called Swacliffe, his name was Humphrey Wickham. His lodging must be a respectable one, though, as he owned with a laugh, all he had in his pocket was two or three shillings; but this mattered little, since anyone who knew his country could answer for him.

Now, as it happened, Mrs. Cullin was from Oxfordshire. The places and families of which the stranger spoke had been familiar to her girlhood. She knew something of the village of Swacliffe, and of the importance of that family of which Captain Humphrey Wickham was the head. It was an honour to have one of the magnates of her own county beneath her roof. And when the Captain found that he was, so to speak, among his own people, he entered upon his affairs more fully than before. He

explained how it happened that he was in London so meanly dressed and ill provided. He had been bondsman for a person who had since absconded, and had sworn in his anger that not one penny of the money would he ever pay. He had stuck to his word; but he had been threatened with arrest for this unjust debt, and to avoid it had left home without an hour's notice.

The upshot was that he remained with the Cullins, and a most charming lodger they found him. His temper and manners were so pleasant that he was the idol of all in the house. But it was soon seen that he was far from well. A doctor was sent for, who pronounced his malady to be mortal. The Captain heard his sentence with such fortitude as became a Christian gentleman and an old soldier; though he said that he could have wished to recover, if only to repay the kindness of the worthy Cullin family. Still, there was one thing that a dying man could do. He asked that a lawyer might be sent for, and gave instructions as to the making of his will.

Cullin was overseer of his parish, and a good Churchman. He suggested that the clergyman should also be called in; the sick man eagerly assented. The rector of St. Clement Danes came, and was impressed by the devout frame of mind in which he found the penitent. Yet there was a point on which spiritual guidance was required—that rash oath by which the Captain had pledged himself never to pay the five hundred pounds bond—was he right in holding by it?

The divine ruled that as the debt was lawful it ought to be paid, and to this decision Captain Wickham submitted; he would provide that it should be discharged. The last consolations of religion were then administered, and received by him in an exemplary manner.

His affairs, spiritual and temporal, being settled, the worthy gentleman calmly awaited his end. He had still a pleasant word for all who came near him, and on January the 3rd he passed placidly away.

The will had been confided to Mr. Cullin's care with an intimation that he would find himself remembered in it. When it was opened he found himself named as one of the executors. The estate and mansion of Swacliffe were left by Captain Wickham to a kinsman, but together with various bequests to connections and friends in Oxfordshire, there were legacies to Cullin and his family amounting to some two thousand pounds. It was a

lengthy document, and among other matters the deceased had left three horses—a bay, a black, and a dapple-grey—to different persons, the bay to Mr. Cullin.

A costly coffin was ordered, and preparations made for removing the remains to Oxfordshire with suitable solemnity; whilst a man was despatched to Gazington, in that county, to Mr. William Wickham, the Captain's heir. A letter from Mr. Cullin told of the sad event which had occurred, and mentioned the main provisions of the will. The messenger was directed to ride back on the bay gelding from the Swacliffe stables.

This person returned, but less quickly than had been expected, for he still rode the same sorry hack on which he had set out; and he brought his answer, not from the cousin, but from Humphrey Wickham himself.

So it was; the true Humphrey Wickham was at Swacliffe alive and hearty. The message he sent was to the effect that he was vastly obliged to Mr. Cullin for the kindness he had intended him; and if he would do him the honour to pay a visit to Swacliffe, not only the bay horse, but also the black and the dapple-grey, should be very much at his service; yet that neither of them was to be parted from at present, since he (Captain Wickham) hoped to make use of them himself for some years to come.

It scarcely needs to be said that the dead man was William Morrell, who in his Banbury days had been a frequent guest at Swacliffe, and who was well acquainted with Captain Wickham's affairs. The body was transferred to a pauper's coffin, and at three o'clock one January morning was shovelled into a corner of St. Clement's Churchyard, with no other attendance than a watchman and a lantern.

F. SCARLETT POTTER.



## THE HOTEL MUDIE.

### A SELECTION.

WE were sitting on the terrace of the Hotel Mudie at Unsinnshöhe looking down on the lovely scenery of the valley and watercourses of the Tauchnitzwald. It is one of those landscapes that one recognises at once as having been seen beforehand in a dream. *En route* I had met an old Hodgeshire friend and neighbour, the Rev. Hornby Owle, and had persuaded him, not without effort, to accompany me to my journey's end. He maintained, with an almost uncivil insistence, that no such spot existed, and declared that if it did it was probably one of those detestable places where people go in quest of what they call quiet. I assured him that Unsinnshöhe was not only beautiful, but full of the most amusing company with whom one could be on terms of the easiest intercourse without being bored, intruded upon, or incurring any obligation to keep up their acquaintance. The difficulties were overcome, and now, on the terrace, he was in raptures with the view and asking many questions.

'What is that rather fantastic-looking house among the pine-trees?'

'That is the Meredithen Schloss, and is one of the great features of the place. It was bought years ago, and has since been enlarged, by a rather eccentric but very brilliant Englishman. At first people were shy of him, and indeed his manner is puzzling and to some repellent. But when you get to know him, and it requires a little getting, he is delightful, and his talk abounds in good things. He is a great master of aphorisms, and, indeed, all his family, of whom I know a number, are great in that line. He generally has several relations staying with him. Curious people some of them—they are like beings in a social mythology. When I was last here he gave conversation parties, for which one could get tickets from Herr Mudie, who is his agent in certain matters. You dropped in of an afternoon or evening and heard them all talk.'

'It sounds rather alarming,' said Owle; 'it would suit my sister better. She goes in for being intellectual, you know.'

‘Then she would be sure to profess admiration.’

Just then a servant came up and handed me the local ‘Gazette.’ I turned to the list of arrivals and saw that the Schloss announcements were conspicuous. ‘Ormont and Aminta,’ I explained to Owle, ‘have come, and Sir Willoughby Patterne, and Mrs. Mountstewart Jenkinson, and Mrs. Warwick—dear Mrs. Warwick! How they will talk!’

Owle, however, was still showing curiosity concerning the habitations of men. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘that other is a hideous house to build in such a beautiful spot. Is it a lunatic asylum?’

‘Oh, no! That is the Pension Beth. The architecture is objectionable and the visitors are a flamboyant order of beings. They are mostly women who have had, or think they have had, brutal husbands. So they discuss their own wrongs and investigate other people’s irregularities from morning to night. Paying a visit there is like being invited to inspect the laundry in its most unattractive aspect. Those remarkable twins Mrs. Salvage and Mrs. Wreckage give the social keynote of the place; otherwise it is run by the Baroness Ideala, who started a crusade on the wearisome sex question, but it all ended in a lecture on the ignominy of using hairpins.

‘Then I was not so far out in my conjecture after all,’ rejoined Owle.

‘They have their wits about them, but I always give them a wide berth. The Villa Corelliana is another house to be avoided. I see from the paper that Count Rimanez has just left along with Mr. Barabbas. The guests there are somewhat mixed.’ . . . I was just about to explain further when the subject was brushed out of my mind by the appearance on the terrace of an elderly lady, evidently a governess, in a silk dress of a departed mode and with a coiffure that also had withstood the changes of fashion. She was preceded by a sharp knowing-looking little girl, whose face was an odd mixture of perplexity and inquisitiveness. It was no other than my little friend, Maisie Farrange. I was going to say, ‘Well, Maisie, how do you do?’ but somehow I said, ‘What do you know?’ The child answered promptly, ‘No end of things. I know now why mamma’s friends, the ladies, who came to see her, were all so tall and had such long legs, and why they held their umbrellas the wrong way up, and why their eyebrows looked like the black silk stitching on Sir Charles’s gloves.’ She looked quite radiant, as if a cloud had been taken off her curiosity. ‘I like

this much better,' she went on, 'than London or Dieppe. It is not half so confusing. I felt so jumbled among them all.'

'Maisie, darling,' said the old lady, 'I am sure this gentleman will excuse us. You know, we must make a beginning this afternoon.' And then she added sotto voce to me, 'I wish to get her in before the Two Bad Chicks come up. I cannot allow any companionship there.' Maisie was evidently amenable to this protectress, for she went off without lingering or reluctance.

'That,' I said to Owle, 'is the child who figured in the Farrange case. You remember how endless the litigation seemed and how complicated it actually was.'

Owle nodded. He was looking at two other children who were coming towards us, and they were well worth looking at. They deserved to have been painted by Van Dyck, and they walked past us like beautiful figures in a pageant. Behind them came a young person, who was their governess certainly, but seemed to give little heed to her charges. She was reading in a notebook or journal, and, although apparently preoccupied, was not without an air of self-consciousness. When she saw us she came up to me and, with that total absence of preliminaries which is a feature of social intercourse at Unsinnshöhe, began at once. 'Don't be surprised at my leaving the children to take care of themselves for a while. We communicate with each other by presentiment. My engagement will not last much longer, and I am putting down some of my experiences. Will you allow me to read a passage or two? I wish, if I can, to catch the subtle magic of his style.'

'Whose style?' I inquired. She smiled rather contemptuously and spoke as if rapping out her words. 'Do not ask a direct question. I am nothing if I am not allusive. Well, if you will know, I mean the "melancholy Jacques."'

'Now I know perfectly,' I said, 'and am very pleased to listen.'

'This,' she said—not without a touch of compassion for the dullness that needs note and comment—'this is my interview with the children's father.' She read well and with a pleasant intonation.

'The situation might have been compromising and was, as a matter of fact, singular. He did not turn his back upon me, his scrupulous sense of courtesy forbidding that, but, as he set his broad shoulders against the mantelshelf, and spoke in the slow booming voice which some have thought soporific, I was conscious

that his mental regard of me was, so to speak, the inverse of the direct concentration of his retina. I don't know why I felt this, nor why it seemed so natural. There was something about this man that struck one as—well the only adequate word for it is—reversible. What he said was not really matter for memoranda, and I followed as best I could his lithe and swift manipulation of addenda. We were on the subject of terms, and they were unquestionably lavish if not prodigal. I had a curious feeling as if a hand were going down the nape of my moral neck, on realising that first-class tickets and hansom cabs were no longer contingent possibilities, but forthcoming, and, for that matter, dirt cheap actualities. When we shook hands he was about to speak again, but did not, and although, this time his back was turned to me, as he receded from the doorway and I stepped on to the pavement, once more I was irresistibly convinced that he was not looking into the square hall, with its Adams' decorations, but across and down the street behind me.

She paused. 'Your subtlety lies in the power of involution,' I said, not feeling quite sure how to express the civil thing. 'Of course you must have a great deal to say about the children. Am I wrong in supposing that they were not quite . . . in fact, that you found them rather a handful?'

'The children,' said the governess, 'will require most delicate pencilling. I hope, however, you will be assured of one thing. They were always charming at meals. They never struck each other with the dessert spoons, nor plunged their hands into the gravy, as most children do. It was quite pretty to see Miles come round with his plate for the second helping of lamb or whatever it might be. I am so sorry that I am obliged to kill him in the narrative. As for little Flora, I shall simply send her away in a fly. That will give the touch of inconclusiveness which is so necessary.' She turned over a few more pages, looking beamingly on the manuscript, and then read again:

• It was after reading the letter that I made up my mind to come to an understanding with the housekeeper—not directly, but by use of the long arm of circumlocution. I always liked the woman's verbal feints and the nimble dexterities which seemed so out of keeping with her physical amplitude. Some people talk at one, but she always talked under one, and I was quite prepared to engage in a game of hide and seek from which I should run breathless into the den. At last the opportunity came. I think

I was mending the forefinger of a glove, or perhaps sewing on a button—anyhow it was the opportunity.

"Do you think," I asked, flouting her, as it were, with my skirt, "that there was ever just a chance that there might have been . . . ?"

"Do you mean then or now?" she answered.

'I felt that she had almost caught me, but I was off again behind a bush in a moment.

"Oh—at some time," I said. That we were on tip-toe was evident to us both; and the answer which I expected came quickly like the runaway's taunt. "It will be time enough to talk about that to-morrow." It was the triumph of the moment for her, but as the green baize door closed between us I felt that more intangible barriers could also open as well as shut.'

Here she made another pause and then, closing her book, said, 'Unless you read this as a whole I am afraid you will never catch the atmosphere of suggestiveness. But perhaps you would like to hear the descriptions of Miss Jostle and Peter Squint?'

'I think I must be excused,' I answered. 'Yet I am greatly obliged to you for the privilege you have bestowed upon me. You have set me thinking. What, can you tell me, is the meaning of this sickliness of mood which has come over the model whom you so much admire, and whose first gifts to us were certainly international episodes of happy augury? He once wrote charmingly about Daisies—why does he now write disagreeably about Maisies? Vicious valets and neurotic nursery-governesses are not pleasant in the flesh or out of it. The charnel-house and the dustbin don't smell sweet.'

'I think,' said the lady with a little warmth, 'you are both borné in your notions and impertinent in their expression. Mr. Jacques, at any rate, has a right to impose what style he likes on the public. They are in the position of recipients.'

'Impose,' I replied, 'is a two-edged word. As for style, it is sometimes difficult to say where style ends and trickery begins. I confess to a weakness for self-evident sentences in preference to an interminable coil of knotless threads. I am afraid when a man falls in love with the pattern of his own carpet he is in a bad way.'

'He will be greatly obliged to you, I am sure,' said the young lady, rising. 'I must not, however, leave the children alone any longer. I hope when we next meet you may be of a better mind.'

'That seemed rather a tiresome woman,' said Owle, in his gruff way; 'are these also acquaintances of yours?' And he looked down the terrace.

A beautiful woman with traces of great ugliness was now coming towards us, talking volubly to a companion of her own age, who was smoking a cigarette and looked like an impersonation of Carmen. Fragments of talk were audible, and such expressions as 'the electric chair,' 'frightful noise in my ears,' 'Burke looking dirty but divine,' reached us.

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed, 'it is Patience Sparhawk. The Californians are here! I hope they have not brought a Bacchante in their train. We ought to be spared the dipsomaniac element.'

When the ladies returned from the end of the terrace the brunette with the operatic air came up to us and said, 'I hope you will both take tickets for my friend Mrs. Burke's lecture tomorrow evening on "American Wives and English Husbands." She will probably serve the husbands up on toast, but the wives won't have it all their own way, neither. She has seen the British aristocracy at home, and although they have got the best of it as regards heredity, she thinks they want pulling together, and it is the Americans who just do it.'

'Dear me,' said Owle, when she had gone with an assurance of our presence on the following evening, 'are the Californians also vexed with the husband question? It seems epidemic.'

'It is a sort of influenza,' I said. 'Marriage in California, as described by those who know, is a kind of Wild West Show, with a dash of the Adelphi drama.'

At this moment a waiter came up and handed me a note. The envelope was stamped with the Meredithen Schloss address. The inclosure was brief:

'I have heard that you are here. Meet me at seven o'clock at the Crossways. I have a communication of importance to make. —Diana.'

'Thy name is indiscretion,' I murmured. 'She ought, poor dear! to have had enough of important communications by this time. What a mare's nest too, it all was! They ought really to have been better informed at the Schloss; but Diana made certainly a more picturesque culprit than Lord Inverdeen. To the Crossways I must go.'

Owle was willing to accompany me on the way, which lay

through a sweet-scented pine-wood, up a slight ascent. As we walked leisurely up the hill, a singular figure appeared suddenly on the summit of the gradient. He was gesticulating wildly and assuming a variety of grotesque attitudes. Now he seemed to be one walking down a street and peering up at windows and into doorways, now he seemed to be looking behind obstacles in his way, such as rocks and boulders. He ran with leaps and bounds with such velocity that he might have been propelled by wings. Suddenly he stopped, and wiping a cold perspiration from his forehead, broke out into an unintelligible lingo in which he frequently apostrophised an absent female whom he invoked as 'Inky Girl—Inky Girl!'

Owle was simply quaking with alarm. He was not much reassured when I burst into a fit of laughter and taking him by the arm said, 'He is perfectly harmless. It is only Caterwaulwin in one of his fits of composition. He is always taken like this before writing a novel. If you were to take down what he says in shorthand you would preserve some fine passages of eloquence which might otherwise be lost.'

'But he might rush upon me and throttle me,' said Owle, 'if he were to notice me.'

'Not at all likely,' I replied. 'I know him better than that. I will speak to him and you note down what he says. Waulwin,' I went on, addressing our remarkable visitant, 'I will call you that for brevity—how are you and where are you?'

'I am on Snowdon,' he answered, 'but, oh! be careful how you speak. If Winnie, my child, dimpled Winnie, hears you, she may jump down that chasm into the swirling torrent. Look! there she flies from me again. Winnie, my epileptic darling, I love you—more beautiful are you in your distemper than in your hours of sanity, and they, thank Heaven! are few and far between. The Romany girl is waiting for you. She is calling you to "break-fiss" in her sweet jargon. Don't you hear her dukeripping with the Mullos and Gorgios in the crevices of the rocks? She will play to you, Winnie, on the crwth the old wild songs of "Tywys-og o'r Niwl." Where are you, my dearest? Won't you answer? Have you got your stockings on? What! Still no reply? How far is it to Bettws-y-Coed, or Capel Curig or Llanfairfechan? Child! will you not respond? Then there is nothing for it but to give a wild "halloo."'

The woods rang with his by no means melodious signalling.



Owle dropped his notebook. I drew near to him and said: 'Look here, Waulwin, this sort of thing won't do. What do you mean by it? You are inexpressibly tedious and not a little ridiculous.'

'Ridiculous!' he retorted. 'You have evidently no idea how seriously I take myself.'

'That,' I said, 'is only another way of saying that you are utterly without the sense of humour. Let me indulge in a few words of candid appreciation. You are effeminate without being vicious, and you mistake hysteria for strength. Your personages belong to no known hemisphere. I think they are perhaps Nauseatics. You invent various kinds of patois, and imagine that you are creating types of character. You describe the passion of love as if it were an outbreak of the aura epileptica. What you want is a big bath sponge and plenty of exercise.'

'Exercise! Why, I am never at rest. Did you not read my account of the pursuit of my Winifred upon the mountain?'

'I did, and as a description of wet weather in Wales I thought it rather good. In fact, I had to put on a mackintosh and send the gardener, at intervals, to consult the rain-gauge.'

He glared at me fiercely and exclaimed: 'The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.' Then, with one of his remarkable bounds, he shot past me and was quickly lost to sight in the windings of the road.

Owle was greatly relieved on his departure.

'A fellow like that ought not to be allowed to go at large; his violence is terrifying.'

'I take no account of his violence; his tediousness is much more intolerable to my mind. The fact is, books are rapidly killing the feeling for literature. The Roman idea of the Index is a sound one at bottom; but the difficulty lies in its application.'

We were now within sight of my place of meeting with Diana.

'You need have no apprehension of his return,' I said to Owle. 'I must leave you, I fear, to your own devices for half an hour. If you follow that path for a short distance you will come to a charming prospect of the lake, and there I will presently rejoin you.'

When I reached the Crossways there was no one there. Diana would probably come, as Lady Pennon had once seen her come, rather late. At the end of a quarter of an hour, a flutter of draperies among the trees, the sound of a 'brogue,' which was

an insinuation rather than an accent, two outstretched hands, announced that she had come. She spoke rapidly and appealingly.

'You are my best friend. Dear Emma's poor charcoal-burners are in need of 5,000 thalers. Your promise is the central rock. I will give you this'—she drew a small scroll from her bosom. 'It ought not to appear before next month, but the form has been decided upon, and there is no repeal. Do with it what you will. Sell it again for a charity. 'Twill be the making of a tombola. I must go; for although the distance is nothing compared to that between Mayfair and Printing House Square, I must not be missed, and my britzka has a lame horse. Stukeley Culbrett and Adrian Harley saw me leave. Thus I am between Argus and Polyphemus.' She pressed my hands and was gone, fleet as a swallow, through the woods. I yielded to the sentiment of curiosity, and opening the roll of paper she had placed in my hands, I read the superscription,

'ALETHEA OF THE BACKSTAIRS.

"She always speaks in spirals," said Mrs. Elphinstone Chetwode. "He moves on the diagonal," and with this the trenchant woman passed out to loiter among the urns of the Italian Garden, where Alethea, who was half whim and half principle, was certain to meet her among the old vases and arabesques. She was an intermittent keeper of trysts, but knew the value of intervals, and, although often rhomboiding in a twixt and between, gave her friend's thoughts circumvallation. People, however, who live in vitreous habitations ought to pause before they take aim with saxeous projectiles. Alethea was a rare target-hitter, and to-day was in possession of the dear creature's periphery.

"Alethea," rallied Mrs. Chetwode, "you are a clairvoyante." She also wriggled a glance backward at Lady Lebanon, who was wheeling down the avenue on parallel gyres with Sir Duckworth Worthduck, and added, "What do you see?" "Nothing but what is in sight," the lucid one replied. "Look at the two! Shall we compare moral boomerangs?"

'Mrs. Chetwode's eye assumed an augural declension, the counterstroke to Alethea's orbital innuendo. The two women were always rather more so, and knew it. But between friends the inevitable is everything.'

'How delightful,' I exclaimed, 'are the foibles of the great!

This must have a place in my collection of autographs of the great Victorian novelists.'

When I overtook Owle again at our rendezvous, he was standing with a hand raised to his ear as if listening to some distant sound.

'What an extraordinary place this is!' he said. 'I am almost certain I heard bagpipes—the real strident Scottish bagpipe. The sound came from that quarter—let us go and see.'

We turned our backs on the gleaming expanse of water and islet below, and struck through the wood until we reached a narrow opening that seemed to give entrance to a glen. It turned out, however, to be a large inclosure containing row upon row of plump and verdant cabbages. There were also some farm buildings, and we saw very distinctly a midden. Several persons were moving to and fro, and all seemed in deep emotion.

'Have they been at a funeral,' said Owle, 'and who are they? I should say that that group yonder consisted of a minister and elders. That is evidently the country doctor, and the person he is talking to might be a laird. The old farmer and his wife are objects of sympathy. I had no idea the Scots were so demonstrative.'

'I have it!' I exclaimed. 'This is the "Kail Yard." Hinc illæ lacrymæ.'

At this moment a voice behind me, marked by a strong accent and a tinge of scorn, was heard protesting. 'Shades of Sir Walter and of Galt, yes and of Mrs. Oliphant, is this Scottish life and character? Three-fourths of it is glossary and twaddle.'

When we looked round the speaker was retreating with such quickness of step that identification was impossible.

'I think we have had a very characteristic day,' I remarked to Owle; 'and now we can go and enjoy our dinner.' He said nothing on the way back to the hotel, and on entering at once walked into the reading-room, and took up the *Continental Bradshaw*.

When I showed him the above a short time ago, he threw it down rather pettishly after reading it. 'I can't make head or tail of it. Nor do I see why I should be brought in. I never read anything except *The Field* or an occasional yellowback. I must go up to the school now. Perhaps you would like to take a look at the *Guardian*.'

HORACE PENN.

## CONFERENCES ON BOOKS AND MEN.

## IV.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR UPON A FORGOTTEN POET.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Let me begin by expressing my regret for having in my May Conference perhaps misled some of your readers into the belief that it was Euripides who said, ‘Skill and Fortune love each other.’ I had originally written Epicharmus, but a moment’s reflection told me it was not Epicharmus; and so, as there was no word in the original Greek of the quotation salient enough to look out in a lexicon, I fell back in my haste upon Euripides. But no sooner was the opportunity for correction irrevocably gone, than I remembered who my author really was—that it was Agathon—and the remembrance was pain and grief. It was not so much the slip in scholarship that I regretted, or the glory of quoting a less read author, as my own ingratitude; for in my youth I had a peculiar devotion to Agathon; not for his writings, which exist only in two fragments, the one I quoted and another upon the probability of improbabilities, which I hope to give myself the pleasure of quoting some day, but for the singular charm of his personality. There were indeed friends of mine at college to whom it was the loss of his works that endeared him, but I was never sentimental; unless it was sentimental to like his name, and the name of his lost tragedy, *Anthos*, ‘the Flower;’ about which one might dream a long summer’s day! It was the man himself, so far as one could recover his character, that was so attractive. I used especially to like the picture one had of him in Plato at the banquet he gave in honour of his first successful play, where he himself was the youngest and handsomest gentleman in company; a banquet of which the conclusion is one of the memorable things in literature; the grey dawn rising upon the disordered tables with all the guests asleep but Socrates and Aristophanes, who sat on with their host, gravely passing a large wine-cup from one to the other, while Socrates laid down the thesis that the genius of comedy was the same with that of tragedy, ‘to which the others were constrained to assent, being

drowsy, and not quite following the argument.' Well, so much for Agathon.

I had intended asking you to let me pursue the topic I introduced last month, by a disquisition upon Oxford guide books (not forgetting Tom Warton's famous 'Companion to the Guide') and Oxford Magazines, from the 'Student,' to which Dr. Johnson contributed, down through the 'Oxford and Cambridge Magazine,' which William Morris founded and financed, to the 'Isis' of to-day. And then I had meant to pass from the 'Isis' to the 'Granta' and celebrate the literary glories of the sister University. For if I have imbibed any tincture of the classical spirit it shows itself in my love of order. I like to finish with one subject before taking up another. If I pass a holiday this year among the English lakes, I plan to spend the next among the lakes of Scotland, and the next again at Killarney; and I have the same regular habits with my mountains and cathedrals and other objects of interest.

But my mind had been somewhat unhinged by the accident about Agathon, and upon the top of that came a miserable experience at my bookseller's. I had gone to buy a Cowley to give my god-child, and was met by blank astonishment, mixed (as it seemed to my heated fancy) with some pity. 'No, sir, there are so many poets now, and poetry is so much a drug, that we are compelled to keep none but standard authors.' I wondered why the good man called poetry a 'drug.' I have noticed people always call a thing a 'drug' when it won't sell, but to judge by the advertisements, drugs are the only merchandise. However, I did not open this question with my bookseller, but contented myself with protesting mildly that Cowley was dead, and might be reckoned a standard author. To which my friend Sosius: 'I think he can hardly be a standard, sir; a "classic" as we call them in the trade; our classics are Shakespeare, who sells wonderfully well for presents now; perhaps you have read his life, sir, that has just come out; rather late in the day for a biography; made quite a fortune, they say; a swan that knew how to feather his nest, if I may use the expression; and then we have Longfellow, and Eliza Cook, and Hemans, and Scott, and Shelley, and Milton, and two or three others whose names I don't justly remember. Oh, Cowper. It will be Cowper you mean, I expect. Cowper it is, not Cowley. John, get down the Cowpers for Mr. Sylvan. We have them ruled with red lines in padded

morocco, with rounded edges, very pretty.' But I had fled, with what I hope was mistaken for an apology for haste.

'Who now reads Cowley?' Pope asked the question, having himself read Cowley with great care, and having some interest in dissuading his own readers from doing so; but I had fondly imagined that as no one now reads Pope, the fashion had swung back again to Cowley. But I suppose I am wrong. Permit me then, dear friend, to revive the recollection of this man of genius in your influential magazine. I like to think Cowley may have had a good deal in common with Agathon. Certainly, he had this in common with him, that he was a perfect gentleman and a favourite with his friends, and it may very likely have been that Agathon's genius was reflective, like Cowley's, though probably the Greek excelled the Englishman in passion. Cowley, like Agathon, paid his poetical tribute to the God of Love, but with Cowley it was a purely professional tribute. In the preface to the volume of his love-poems, which he called the 'Mistress,' he apologises for the book on the ground that 'Poets are scarce thought Freemen of their Company without paying some duties and obliging themselves to be true to love;' and he is careful to point out that the poet 'may be, in his own practice and disposition, a philosopher, nay, a Stoick, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho.' Cowley, it must be allowed, never for the twinkling of an eye recalls Sappho. It would, indeed, have been a miracle if the author of the most 'convincing' panegyric upon Solitude and (*pace* Mr. Walsh) Celibacy, should have written passionate love poetry. The book contains a poem called 'The Wish' upon his favourite topic of Solitude, which, in honour of its place, is tempered with a 'mistress,' but we feel, as we read, that the poem would have read more naturally had the mistress been away:

Well, then: I now do plainly see  
This busy World and I shall ne'er agree;  
The very Honey of all Earthly Joy  
Does of all Meats the soonest cloy.  
And they (methinks) deserve my Pity,  
Who for it can endure the Stings,  
The Croud, and Buz, and Murmurings,  
Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.  
  
Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' Grave,  
May I a *small House* and *large Garden* have!  
And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,  
Both wise, and both delightful too!  
And, since *Love* ne'er will from me flee,

A *Mistress* moderately fair,  
 And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,  
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

The 'Mistress moderately fair' hardly fits in with the bachelor delights enumerated before her, and plainly throned higher in the poet's hierarchy of hopes. If we had any doubt of this, it would be removed by the stanzas introduced into the essay styled 'Of Solitude,' though Solitude is the subject of most of the others:—

Ah wretched, and too solitary he,  
 Who loves not his own Company!  
 He'll feel the Weight of 't many a Day,  
 Unless he call in Sin or Vanity  
 To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first State of Humankind!  
 Which blest remain'd, 'till Man did find  
 Ev'n his own Helper's Company.

As soon as two (alas!) together join'd,  
 The Serpent made up three.

Cowley's love-poems, then, may be dismissed as nothing more than a tribute to the fashion which strung together 'the lunatic, the lover, and the poet.' But the volume called 'The Mistress' should not, for all that, be merely skipped, as it contains other than amorous poems. There is, for example, a too clear-eyed poem called 'The Spring,' which opens—

Though you be absent here, I needs must say  
 The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *Flowers* as gay  
 As ever they were wont to be.

And there are several copies of sparkling *vers de société*. Here, for instance, is a verse from 'The Welcome,' in which the poet addresses that returned prodigal, his heart—

When once or twice you chanc'd to view  
 A rich, well-governed Heart,  
 Like China, it admitted You  
 But to the *Frontier-part*.  
 From *Paradise* shut for evermore,  
 What good is 't that an *Angel* kept the *Door*?

Others are 'Discretion,' and 'The Dissembler,' and 'The Waiting-Maid,' which contains a perfect epigram—

Th' adorning thee with so much Art  
 Is but a barb'rous skill;  
 'Tis but the *Pois'ning* of a *Dart*  
 Too apt before to kill.



In the same key is the delightful protest 'to his Mistress' against finery—a protest conceived in a more gentlemanlike spirit than the often-quoted verses of Ben Jonson—

*Tyrian Dye, why do you wear,  
You whose Cheeks best scarlet are?  
Why do you so fondly pin  
Pure Linen o'er your Skin  
(Your Skin that's whiter far),  
Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star.*

And so on.

But the highest place in this *genre* is taken by a poem, which was first published, not in 'The Mistress,' but among the *Miscellanies* in the Folio, a ballad called 'The Chronicle.' It is a most finished piece, and so far as my reading goes, the best specimen of *vers de société* in English. It has always amazed me that Mr. Locker omitted it from his *Lyra Elegantiarum*, for it exactly answers to his ideal requirement. 'The tone,' he says, 'should not be pitched high; it should be idiomatic and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness.' 'The Chronicle' is, as its name denotes, a catalogue, more or less *raisonné*, of Cowley's quite imaginary 'mistresses.' It opens with a fine swing—

*Margarita* first possesst,  
If I remember well, my Breast,  
*Margarita* first of all;  
But when a while the wanton Maid  
With my restless Heart had plaid,  
*Martha* took the flying ball.

Then follows the long tale of tyrants—Katharine, Elisa, Mary and gentle Ann together, another Mary, Rebecca, Judith—

One Month, Three Days, and Half an Hour  
*Judith* held the *Sov'reign* Pow'r.  
Wondrous beautiful her Face,  
But so weak and small her Wit  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so *Susanna* took her place.

There is much virtue in 'so.' Isabella succeeded Susan, and 'black-eyed Bess' Isabella; and then came an *interregnum*, followed by an *et cætera*. And then the poet concludes:

But should I now to you relate  
The Strength and Riches of their *State*,  
The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,

The *Ribbons, Jewels, and the Rings,*  
The *Lace, the Paint, and warlike things*  
That make up all their *Magazines* :

If I should tell the Politick Arts  
To take and keep Men's Hearts,  
The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,  
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,  
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,  
Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries* !<sup>1</sup>

And all the little *Lime-Twigs* laid  
By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid* ;  
I more voluminous should grow  
(Chiefly if I like them should tell  
All change of weathers that befel)  
Than *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

But I will briefer with them be,  
Since few of them were long with Me.  
An higher and a nobler strain  
My present *Emperess* does claim,  
*Helconora, First o' th' Name,*  
Whom *God* grant long to *Reign*.

I have hinted above that Cowley had points of similarity with Agathon. It was unfortunate that he believed himself to be a second Pindar, for most of his unpopularity with later generations has come from his self-styled 'Pindarique Odes.' What charmed Cowley in the odes of Pindar was their apparent freedom: the wheels of Pindar's chariot seemed to go just where the spirit drove; but the fact was that Cowley did not understand the principle of Pindar's form, and mistook it for formlessness. However admirable writing an ode may contain, unless the principle of its construction appear, half the pleasure is lost; and on this account, as well as their frequent prosiness, Cowley's odes must be pronounced failures, all but the magnificent Ode to the Royal Society, which is admirable in both matter and manner. From the rest the reader will but glean a line here and a phrase there to please him. Thus, in one he says of Fame in a fine, ironical couplet:

Some with vast, costly tombs would purchase it,  
And by the *proofs of death* pretend to live.

In the Ode to Dr. Harvey he has a good passage against natural philosophers who do not study Nature, but only repeat each other's dogmas:

<sup>1</sup> A line worthy of Rossetti.

Thus *Harvey* sought for Truth in Truth's own Book,  
 The Creatures, which by God himself was writ;  
 And wisely thought 'twas fit  
 Not to read Comments only upon it,  
 But on th' Original it self to look.  
 Methinks in Art's great Circle others stand  
 Lock'd up together, Hand in Hand,  
 Ev'ry one leads as he is led,  
 The same bare Path they tread,  
 And dance, like Fairies, a fantastick Round,  
 But neither change their Motion, nor their Ground:  
 Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his Wit,  
 His noble Circle of the Blood had been untrodden yet.

If one wishes to understand Cowley's ideal in poetry, we may learn much from his verses 'upon Wit,' for when our ancestors asked one another to define Wit, they meant, What does true Poetry consist in? We may learn much also from the Preface to the Folio Edition of his works. The qualities upon which he there lays the chief stress are fertility of invention, modest dignity of style, and lustre and vigour of elocution, and surely these are all qualities of his own verse. To his fertility every poem bears witness. Dr. Johnson, who did not love him, and who devoted most of his essay upon Cowley to an attack upon the false taste of what Cowley himself styles his 'odd similitudes,' yet, in one of several remarkable bursts of candour, admits that to write in Cowley's style required a poet 'at least to read and think.' Certainly, whatever his subject, Cowley has always just and weighty and appropriate sentiments to express. Take, for example, his two great elegies, that upon his Cambridge friend, William Hervey, and the other upon the poet Crashaw. Milton's elegy of 'Lycidas' may be a far better poem than the former, but it is an incomparably worse elegy. We know no more about poor drowned Mr. King when we have done than before we began, and we do not care any more. How much more touching are Cowley's verses upon his college companion:

Large was his *Soul*; as large a *Soul* as e'er  
 Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.  
 High as the Place 'twas shortly in *Heav'n* to have,  
 But Low, and Humble as his Grave.  
 So High, that all the *Virtues* there did come  
 As to the chiefest Seat  
 Conspicuous and Great;  
 So Low that for *Me* too it made a room.

If 'Lycidas' be compared too with the Elegy on Crashaw, it must be admitted that, while in beauty of writing Milton is far superior—being indeed supreme—he is as far inferior in the appropriateness of his topics. What has his famous attack upon the clergy to do with poor Mr. King? Cowley keeps in mind two points about his friend—first that he was a sacred poet, and secondly that he was a convert to Rome; and so his episodes are very appropriately, first an attack upon the popular cavalier poetry, with its everlasting heathen gods; and secondly a hint as to the relative importance of piety and exactness of belief; a passage, like so many passages in Cowley, which was the original of an often-quoted paragraph in Pope—

Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent  
That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,  
For ev'n in *Error* sure no *Danger* is  
When join'd with so much *Piety* as *his*.  
Ah, *Mighty God*, with *Shame* I speak't and *Grief*,  
Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!  
His *Faith* perhaps in some nice *Tenets* might  
Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was in the *right*.  
And I myself a *Catholic* will be,  
So far at least, great *Saint*, to *Pray* to thee.

I might go on in this way illustrating the copiousness and appropriateness of Cowley's sentiments through poem after poem; but let it suffice to add one more instance, the twin poems *For and Against Hope*. What could be more admirable than the following description of *Hope*?

*Brother of Fear*, more gaily clad!  
The merrier *Fool* o' th' two. Yet quite as *Mad*:  
Sire of *Repentance*, Child of fond *Desire*!  
That blow'st the *Chymick's* and the *Lover's Fire*!  
Leading them still insensibly on  
By the strong *Witchcraft* of *Anon*!

Let me, in conclusion, say a word about Cowley's style. Dr. Johnson tells us that he 'makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase; he has no elegances, either lucky or elaborate; and he has few epithets, and those scattered without peculiar propriety or nice adaptation.' I feel that the passages I have already quoted will sufficiently meet the earlier part of this very sweeping charge; but it will be interesting to examine the question of Cowley's epithets. It was Waller who raised the epithet to the position of tyrannical importance it occupied in the eighteenth century; and we cannot regret that Cowley did not give

in to the new fashion. But to say his epithets are few is to exaggerate, and to say they are inappropriate is to have an improper notion of propriety. Take a few lines from the opening stanza of 'The Complaint,' a poem to which no reference has yet been made :

In a deep Vision's intellectual Scene,  
Beneath a Bow'r for Sorrow made,  
Th' uncomfortable Shade  
Of the black Yew's unlucky Green,  
Mix'd with the mourning Willow's careful Gray,  
Where reverend *Cam* cuts out his famous way,  
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay, &c.

These few lines contain representative epithets of almost every species, and the reader will be a sufficient judge of their propriety. I would only call attention to the peculiar felicity of *black*, which, taken with *green*, gives the true sombre tint of the yew tree, while it adds a sense of unluckiness; to *uncomfortable*, which contradicts the usual attribute of shade, the shadow of trees being one of the most consoling things in nature; and finally to *careful*, in the sense of 'full of care,' which, being an unusual sense, gives just the note of distinction necessary to heighten the whole passage. It would have been an instructive experience if the great Cham of letters had but vouchsafed to amend Cowley's epithets throughout this charming poem; which is, in fact, Cowley's remonstrance with his ungrateful sovereign for leaving him in want after a lifetime passed in his service, though it professes to be Cowley's defence of his sovereign against the remonstrance of the Muse. The Muse is finely sarcastic :

Thou, Changeling thou, bewitch'd with Noise and Show,  
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go;  
Wouldst see the World abroad, and have a Share  
In all the Follies, and the Tumults there;  
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a State  
And Business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create :  
Business, the frivolous Pretence  
Of human Lusts, to shake off Innocence;  
Business, the grave Impertinence !

'Business, the grave Impertinence !' Is not that one phrase enough in itself to convict the great lexicographer of either malice or incompetence in writing that Cowley has 'no selection of words' ?

There are not a few other poems to which I would gladly invite attention.

But if I am to win friends for Cowley, I must not be tedious. Only I cannot omit by way of *bonne bouche* two pieces which are always in my own thought, the one written when the poet was a boy, the other when he was old. But side by side they show how thoroughly the child was the father of the man. This is the boy's wish :

This only grant me : that my Means may lie  
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.

Some Honour I would have,  
Not from Great Deeds, but Good alone,  
The unknown are better than ill known ;  
Rumour can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but 'when 't depends  
Not on the Number, but the choice of Friends.

Books should, not Business, entertain the Light,  
And Sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.

My House a Cottage more  
Than Palace, and should fitting be  
For all my use, not Luxury.

My Garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and Pleasures yield,  
*Horace* might envy in his *Sabine* Field.

Thus would I double my Life's fading Space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his Race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought Sports, this happy State,  
I would not fear, nor wish, my Fate,  
But boldly say each Night,  
To-Morrow let my Sun his Beams display,  
Or in Clouds hide them ; *I have liv'd to-Day.*

And this is the strain to which he makes his exit :

But his past Life who without Grief can see,  
Who never thinks his End too near,  
But says to *Fame*, Thou art mine *Heir* ;  
That Man extends Life's *natural* Brevity ;  
This is, this is the only way  
To out-live *Nestor* in a Day.

I will only add one word to anyone whom my poor praise may incite to buy a copy of Cowley's poems. You must seek them in the old book shops. Aim at getting the only edition which turned him out like a gentleman—Tonson's three volumes of 1707—and see that all the plates are there, including both Charleses and the Cromwell. There should be, if my reckoning is true, thirty-one.

Believe me, your faithful friend and servant,

URBANUS SYLVAN.

## LITTLE ANNA MARK.<sup>1</sup>

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE ISLE OF THE WINDS.

Now, I had always had a kind of perverted pride in my father, even when he was accounted the greatest reprobate and villain in the country. People were so prodigiously afraid of him, and his fame and name were so constantly upon the common lip.

But now, when I saw him every day in a position of command over so well-found a ship and gallant a crew, that admiration was greatly increased, and I verily believe that if he had shown me the least civility I should have offered to join with him. But this he never did. Indeed, I cannot say that he took any interest in me at all. He did not bid me good morning when I came into the cabin, nor yet good night when I went off unwillingly to my close-smelling bunk. He looked over my head as he walked the deck, and, for all my zeal and unweariedness in serving him, he noticed me less than any of the ship's boys who carried the pannikins and emptied the slops.

But to my mother he was unweariedly kind and unfailingly courteous. Yet by no means in an eager way, as if he desired to atone for aught or to seek any of her favours, but rather as a courteous captain to a noble passenger or royal captive, whose misfortunes entitled her to be treated with the greater dignity.

All this while we had been steadily heading south and west, as even I could make out, and nearly every day Little Anna Mark brought me news of the ship's crew. For, being the only girl on board, she could make friends with the men much more quickly than I, having also her father's talents in that respect, with others of her own which I have indicated previously in the story.

It was on a fine bright evening after a day of light following breezes that I gat my first glimpse of that tropic pearl which I was afterwards to know so intimately as the Isle of the Winds.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1899, by S. R. Crockett, in the United States of America.



The clouds had concentrated themselves in a dense bar of royal crimson which overhung the whole western horizon. Beneath, the sun gathered about him little floating wisps of golden brightness, as if he had been weaving himself a fiery shroud. As he sank into the sea like a broad shield of dull scarlet, the line of the horizon was not cut truly across. An irregular black blotch, serrated and as it seemed delicately plumed, streaked itself across his disk.

The sailors, too, were all clustered forward as they had been at the chase. They stood with hands on each other's shoulders and gazed, talking all the while in low whispers. On the quarter-deck the officers of the watch paced regularly, and Captain Stansfield stood alone by himself, as was his custom.

The sun dropped, as it were pulling the daylight under the sea after him. And I had seen my first tropic island.

All night the *Corramantee*, excellently hermaphrodite between brig and schooner, stood off and on waiting for the light, that she might thread the difficult and dangerous shoals which still separated her from the Isle of the Winds. As may be supposed I was on deck early. And here little Anna Mark, who slept in my mother's cabin, joined me soon after I came up. With eager hearts we watched the great wash of keen green light across the east where the sun would rise, but mostly our thoughts were on the island ahead of us and upon the mysterious life we would lead there.

Strangely enough, the blank horror and apprehension with which we started on our journey had largely disappeared. For though the men were rough enough and desperate enough, yet none among them had said an uncivil word to us. Moreover, we had great anticipations of wonders to be found under those palms and on the beaches of shining sand, which, in the eye of our imagination, glinted more brightly than if every grain had been a diamond cut and polished.

The bright blueness of the sea, the glistening white rocks which showed their heads here and there, the deep sapphire channels through which Saul Mark skilfully piloted the *Corramantee*, all caused Anna and me to thrill and clasp each other's hands as we stood forward among the eager sailors. I clutched a stay as the vessel, caught in the little calm belt between the trades behind her and the inshore land wind in front, rose on the long

oily rollers and heaved her bowsprit high into the hot and coppery sky.

'Philip,' said Anna, 'I wonder what will happen to us on that island!'

I turned to her. I know not what prompted the words. I had not the least thought or intent concerning them the moment before. But now they sprang from my lips as if I had settled on speaking them years before.

'If you love me, Anna,' I said, 'I care not what happens. Do you love me?' I was still holding her hand, and, as she told me long afterwards, almost squeezing her fingers into a jelly.

She turned upon me in great surprise. 'I do not know what you mean,' she said, in a low intense voice. Then, as if afraid that some of the sailors who stood around might overhear—'Think shame, Philip!' she added.

'Yes, you do know, Anna,' I went on with quick impulse; 'you know what it means to Umphray Spurway that he loves my poor mother. You said so yourself, and if you know that, you know also what it is for me to love Anna Mark! So do not pretend!'

She was silent for a while, watching the flying-fish gleaming dark purple against the saffron of the sky as they rose and fell.

Then she said more softly, 'I do know what it is to love, but I think I am too young to feel what you mean by it. Nay, I am sure that you are too young yourself to know!'

'Anna,' I answered very low, for I saw her father lean over and motion to a seaman, who moved up nearer to us as if to listen, 'I do know what it is to love. Even now my heart is aching for love of you. I love you far more than I love my mother!'

'Why, of course you do!' she cried, quite loud, so that I put my hand to her mouth to stay her; for the seaman was very near.

'And why of course? But pray do not speak so loud!' said I.

'I always knew you liked me best of everyone. Of course you could not help that!' she said complacently.

'Yet you say I do not know what love is?'

'I said only that I deemed you too young to know,' she made answer. Then in a moment, 'Look, look,' she cried, 'there are the palms! How beautiful to see their tall feathers wave in the wind, all blowing out one way. And there are the roofs of the houses. I wonder why some are thatched and some all scarlet and purple?'

For she wished to change the subject—or, perhaps, wished me to think she did.

But I was not to be put off in this manner. So I said—without even taking my eyes from the cheek—of which I could see only the pretty curve, clean and firm like a boy's, not plump like a girl's—'Anna, tell me if you do not love me a little, or if you think that you will ever be able to love me as—as Umphray Spurway loves my mother?'

She laughed a curious laugh, wilful, but pleased withal. I could hear the eager pleasure in it.

'Ah, Philip,' she said, 'I will never love you as Umphray Spurway loves your mother.'

'And why?' I asked.

'Because I know you too well, Philip,' she said. 'I will not worship any man—least of all one whom I can beat at the stone-throwing!'

Whereat I was indignant, for indeed the boast was quite a vain one.

'You cannot,' I cried. 'I will throw you all day at a bottle, and beat you soundly. But that is not the question. A man has a right to his answer from a girl!'

For I would not let the name drop. She had called me a man, and she must take the consequences. I was not going to let her go back on that great word.

'You shall have an answer, then,' she said saucily. 'I love you as much as your mother loves your father.'

Then, being hurt at the heart that she should so slight me, and also (as I thought) make light of my mother, I withdrew my hand from hers and went and stood at the other side of the deck. But somehow the purple islets had turned to grey, the crimson roofs to smoky yellow. The blue had gone out of the sky and the fresh sea tang out of the breathing air. I stood awhile by myself, and never so much as looked towards Anna Mark.

But I was conscious that she glanced every now and then at me. And I think she smiled.

By-and-by, however, she came over frankly enough and said, 'Philip, do not be angry with me. What have I done that you should ill-use me so?'

Then said I, 'Anna, I have never ill-used you. I have only told you that I loved you. And you flouted me unkindly for it.'

'Well, did you expect me to fall down at your feet?' she said,

a flash leaping up in her eye, as it had a way of doing at all such times. 'I will if you say so. I will kiss your shoe! See here!'

And I declare, if I had not withheld her, the madcap would have done it there before all the sailor-men and the captain, and her own father looking down upon us.

We were now running close in, and the spits of yellow sand were stretching out to meet and inclose us. We had at last caught the land-wind, and with Saul Mark directing the helmsman and now and then taking the wheel himself, while a crowd of shiny-skinned mulattoes and negroes ran along the shore, we glided towards a harbour-mouth, the water hissing from our stem and the whole ship lying gracefully away a little from the wind.

'Anna, give me a word to hearten me!' I said. 'This is a pirate island. We may never get off it alive. Say a word to comfort me, and on my honour I will not trouble you any more.'

'Well, I am in the same case, neither better nor worse,' she said, 'and yet I do not ask a word from Will Bowman as to whether he loves me or not!'

I was turning away sick at heart to be so flouted, but she caught me quickly by the arm.

'You see I do not love Will Bowman!' she said, 'that is why I do not want him to tell me. But I love to have you tell me that you love me!'

And that was all I could get out of her. Yet from Anna—enough.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### YELLOW JACK.

Now there are those who laugh at the love of boy and girl, and, indeed, oftentimes it vanishes, leaving no more trace than the sea-broads keep of the keels that pass over them towards the harbour. Yet I think many of those who with their mouths laugh loud at calf love, keep an under-feeling of sacredness—a secret reverence for their own first loves. They may have written other names more permanently upon the slates of their heart, but I charge them to own if they have ever known nobler, more unselfish devotion than they felt for their first loves.

But if they deny the faith, and say that they never possessed any such—why, then, God pity them!—that is all. They may have

filled their hands with the red haws of life. But they have missed the white hawthorn. The winter fruit may be theirs. They share it with every chattering sparrow. But the sweet scent of the flower of May will never revisit their nostrils.

But all this concerns not my tale (save that I know the world and would anticipate its laughter). Yet I write it down here, that on this pirate isle I thought more of little Anna Mark's saucinesses than I did of our chances of escaping safe and sound, or even of dangling my legs over the mill lade at the back of Umphray's house and listening to the singing of the Kirkconnel Water taking its last leap downward to join the Esk.

The Isle of the Winds was a curious place, and at first I was greatly astonished at it. But afterwards I came to understand that it was the necessary product of a particular traffic. It is a condition of the existence of all sea freebooters that they shall have some port of call at which they can clean and lighten their ship, provision her from a secret depot of stores, give the men a run ashore and otherwise temper them into some semblance of humanity.

For in an ordinary port the sailors who sail under the Jolly Roger, or the red flag of privateering (which is no better and no worse), cannot be allowed free shore liberty like the men of law-abiding ships, who have nothing worse than a visit from the civic excisemen to fear from blabbing tongues.

Women there are in every seaport town who live by worming out of sailor-men, and even out of petty officers, the secrets of their ship and cruise. These they convey to the officers of justice, who are not slow to act upon information received. And a pirate ship has been captured in harbour before now under the disguise of an honest merchantman, through information obtained in this way.

Yet shore liberty of some sort men must have, or they would become fiends incarnate.

So here, in the Isle of the Winds, there stood this curious settlement, its roofs aflame with the purple and scarlet of running creepers, and all about it a host of brown-skinned piccanninies running wild as the goats and clamorous as the sea-fowl.

Here it was that so many of the sailors of the *Corramantee* as had won the privilege by courage and obedience, had received permission to marry. And the place being not far from more populous lands, it happened that most had carried off either a Spanish half-breed maiden from the southern settlements, or a

Carib woman from one of the neighbouring islands. Those who had not been thus brave or fortunate, had taken to them the nearest white-toothed, woolly-haired negress, and it was about their cabins that the piccaninnies swarmed the thickest.

I cannot tell what arguments the men brought to bear in order to induce the women to live with them, nor how much of force had in the first instance been applied. But this I do know, that the women were in general both buxom and happy, and that there were fewer quarrels and less ill blood than in an ordinary Scottish village or New England settlement of the same size.

This in part was no doubt owing to my father, in prodigious awe of whom went every man and woman in the place. As was not uncommon among them, they had chosen him as their captain though he was no seaman. 'For,' they said, 'there be many who can steer, and some who can set a course. But we Brethren of the Coast must have a king!'

And a king they had—with Saul Mark for his prime minister, and Lambie the Tillicoultry Scot for his sword of justice.

For the first week we saw the island and the village mainly from the deck of the ship, but after that we had soon many opportunities of closer inspection. For we were taken on shore and permitted to assist at the building of a couple of new cottages, which Captain Stansfield and Will Bowman and myself were severally to inhabit. The larger and more permanent dwelling which my father had occupied during his previous residences on the island was given up to my mother, who kept Anna with her in spite of the ill-concealed displeasure of Saul Mark. A couple of well-favoured negro women in bright dresses waited upon her, and kept up a constant chatter over the low fences with their friends in the neighbouring inclosures, and even interchanged greetings with passers-by upon the beach.

The houses we built were much simpler affairs. They were raised from the earth upon stout posts about eighteen inches high. Then came a flooring of split trees, the split upper surface roughly planed. The uprights were of the same timber and seven feet high, the walls of sawn planking, and the roof of plantain leaves bound with the strong island withe which grows on the margin of the swamps.

One of these was assigned to Will Bowman and myself, and in the other Captain Stansfield set up his cot bed.

All the dwellings were on the sickle sweep of a beach which,

almost like a lagoon in shape, curved round in a couple of horns, leaving only one narrow and difficult entrance. Inside it was always as still as a lake, though, as we lay awake at night, the roaring of the trade surf on the outer reefs was never out of our ears.

Looking from our door this is what Will and I looked upon. First, a green strip of herbage, which in the distance looked almost like high grass, a few scattered guava bushes, then the glittering crescent of sand, and the lagoon with the herons moping in the sun. Then, if we went a little up the bank behind, or clambered on the roof, we could see the white crests and blue-black hollows of the restless Carib Sea.

Behind us were gardens or yam patches, then loose scrub. Beyond were the High Woods, as the privateers called the virgin forest, and the blue mountains crowning all. For, unlike most of the pirate shelters, our refuge was not a mere sand-bank sweltering under a shadeless sun, nor yet a fever-stricken mangrove swamp—though, as I found out afterwards, the Isle of the Winds was far from being immune from the latter plague.

One morning, to our vast surprise, the ship was gone and the bay in front empty of all save the dreamy yet watchful herons in their livery of black and white, and the diving sea-birds that flashed and fell out of the zenith.

Anna brought us word that the entire crew had gone on board at midnight, with the exception of those whose turn it was to take a holiday on shore. Anchor had been weighed at daybreak and the *Corramantee*, with her cargo of white slaves, sailed northward for the Carolina plantations.

Then it was that a still more fictitious peace settled down over the Isle of the Winds. I have always thought it curious, but after all natural, that in our native Scotland and in the countries which men count civilised, we four had undergone many and desperate adventures. But here, in this wild pirate island, and among men whose profession was one of spoliation and robbery, these first months passed as peacefully as an infant's cradle-time.

And to the very last, whatever we might be passing through, my mother was never greatly disturbed. Going out but little, occupying herself stilly and quietly on her shaded verandah or in her cool and deeply shaded room with needlework and knitting, living in a dreamland of her own, she was shut off from the comings and goings of the island. The cryings and ululations of



the beach reached her ears as empty of meaning as the roar of the trade-surf in the offing, or the yelling of the sea-birds which darted down into our poultry yard and carried off the food which had been scattered for the Scottish barn-door fowl we had brought with us from Abercairn.

But Anna and I were not content to live in any such seclusion. The instinct of exploration, common to all healthy children of the mixed Saxon races, was specially strong in us. And whatever of the gipsy there was in Anna aided and abetted this instinct of roving.

Will Bowman had begun to train a squad of young half-breeds, mostly boys about fifteen, in the rudiments of drill and the use of arms according to the German manual and platoon exercise which Umphray Spurway had taught his weavers. And those of the privateer's men who were on shore off duty, would condescend to come down to the exercise ground and smoke a pipe, watching with appreciation the evolution of these smart lads, who took to soldiering in the civilised manner with all the avidity of Prussians, and who would stand and bake or march and sweat all day on the parade-ground, as if each had been paid the salary of a general.

So of Will for a time we saw not much, but he was ever ready to help us in everything, and in time of need proved himself a very staunch and trusty friend. As indeed shall afterward appear.

It was a blessed relief to find my father gone and Saul Mark's cottage empty as well. For we could not help feeling that the small beady eyes of Anna's father were ever upon us, and even now he had probably arranged with some satellite to keep track of our movements.

Anna, who was always scraping romantic acquaintance with every waif and stray, attached to herself a half-caste youth with one hand only, who answered to the name of Yellow Jack.

Yellow Jack was a lad extraordinarily active, both in mind and body. But from his behaviour in the village no one would have suspected him of either. It was only in the bush, or when face to face with an emergency, that his true character appeared.

Yellow Jack's right hand had been cut off at the wrist, he never revealed how, but I think by privateers or some former pirates of the Isle, from the exceeding hatred he bore them all. So the lad had been allowed to grow up among the women and the liberty men, doing very much as he pleased. He carried water,

and scrubbed out pots and pannikins. He watched the fires at the sugar boiling, and, when he was bidden, he went swiftly on errands, which he faithfully discharged. But to deceive his masters he preserved at all times a countenance which denoted only stupid and vacant mirth, for that is the best passport to the goodwill of sailormen of every kind. His mouth was ever on the grin. In the village his laugh rolled out mellow as the maple syrup of the north, and Yellow Jack was the willing butt of half the jokes on the island.

But among the coloured folk it was different. I never saw any of these come near Yellow Jack without a kind of involuntary shrinking into smaller space—the gesture, in fact, which everyone makes on walking through a thicket of nettles.

Anna had first attached Yellow Jack to herself by a piece of kindness to an old bent negro-woman who was painfully bringing in a bundle of herbs and roots from the High Woods. She found the aged crone sitting exhausted and half-blind upon the roots of a tree on the edge of the forest. The old woman was wizzened and smoke-dried till she seemed every moment about to shed her mortal tegument like a husk that falls of itself to the ground. But Anna talked brightly to her, at the same time shouldering her burden and with her other hand helping her along the path.

As they entered the village loud and long laughed the liberty men, who smoked and lounged about the creeper-grown porches and under the grey-beard streamers of the live oaks. But every negro-woman, looking from a balcony on bobbing headdresses about the well, ran for her dearest gossip to tell her the news—how 'old Mam Duppy the Obeah woman was walking past the white men's houses with the tall young buckra girl who lived in the Captain's house.'

And I think when Yellow Jack joined the pair near his mother's hut and the whole three entered it together, none in the village expected to see Anna trip forth again from the threshold looking as fresh as a Moreham daisy with the morning dew upon it.

But when it was seen that Anna did not die from such companionship, but, on the contrary, that she had always the best fruits, the finest flowers, the brightest skin, the clearest eye, it was recognised that a stronger Obeah warred for her, and she was besieged with attentions as she walked about. Negro-women brought her their chickens to overlook. Half-caste boys asked her to bless their lurcher dogs and charm them from snakebite.

And Anna did it too, and made no very great mistakes, so that her fame waxed greater and greater in the land.

It is of two excursions to the woods in the company of Yellow Jack that I have now to tell, as they had an important influence on our future and were indeed the means by which we were ultimately able to leave the Isle of the Winds.

It was an excuse for us to get away that we were accustomed to shoot the wild pigeons which about sunrise passed overhead in great flocks, and returned towards evening to the High Woods with a mighty noise of rushing wings. The little yellow children of the village were set to watch the gardens, and scare them when they alighted anywhere near the settlement. Otherwise they would soon have destroyed every green thing, besides depriving the swine which wandered everywhere like privileged scavengers, killing snakes and devouring rubbish, of the staple of their meat.

Besides there were many other birds which Yellow Jack showed us how to capture. He had a hook which he fastened to the stump of his right arm. He had contrived it himself out of an old bar of iron he had picked up, and he was able to do many wonderful things with it.

But, after all, it was his left hand and arm that were so astonishing. He would swing himself like a monkey from tree to tree, and by means of a rope round his waist and with the assistance of his hook he could walk up the stem of the tallest palm in the island almost as quickly as we could make our way along a plain road.

The morning was still awash with dewy freshness when I set out, carrying my provisions, a gun, and a bag with compartments for ammunition. Anna had stolen silently from her sleeping-room in my mother's house. She met me behind the hedge of prickly pear.

'All quiet!' she whispered. 'Where is Yellow Jack?'

'He is waiting farther on,' I answered. For now the one-armed boy never walked with us along the green bank in front of the line of cottages which constituted the street of the little town. He thought his society would shame us, and for all his broad grins he was full of dignity.

But we had hardly passed the palisadoes of the gardens before he was at our side, his usually social face now grave and quiet. Yet there came a look of pleasure into his eyes at sight of Anna. Me he tolerated, chiefly because Anna and I were in a manner

looked upon as each other's medicine. 'We belonged,' said the negresses, comprehensively. And the belief was my great safeguard.

Yellow Jack was laden with a spare cutlass, which he assured me I would need to use in the High Woods. He also carried a knife of large size for Anna, for the virgin forest is no respecter of persons.

He had also brought leathern leggings for Anna, so that she could withstand the pricks of the bush thorns, and lime juice to mix with the water which we hoped to find in the woods.

When with us Yellow Jack spoke a curious and picturesque dialect of his own, quite different from the broken English he used with the white men down in the village. Moreover it was pleasant to listen to him, for he possessed a rich mellow voice, with a wild ring in its cadences as often as he became excited, or when he burst into little trills of song, which he did as naturally as a bird singing in the top of a tropic tree among the liana stems and the gorgeous trumpet flowers.

To me Yellow Jack always seemed to be translating from some noble barbarous tongue, and at times his ideas had a certain barbaric splendour of their own.

'King's son I,' he would say, 'in my own country—a prince of fighting men. There (he pointed down to the village) a slave, "Yellow Jack"—but yonder (he pointed over the sea from which the mist was lifting and melting as it lifted)—yonder, Eborra, a chief among chiefs!'

Then, as if he had perchance offended us by claiming more than his due, he turned quickly to Anna. 'But always your friend!' he said.

And indeed the friendship of Yellow Jack proved to be by no means the least of the blessings assured to us by Anna Mark.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE HIGH WOODS.

As soon as we reached the verge of that great primeval forest a feeling of awe and terror came over us both. Yet I think that I was more frightened than Anna, though she also drew in near to me, a thing which I was pleased to note. The dark purple carpet

of decaying vegetation on which we moved, the sudden noises, the rushing hither and thither of unseen animals, the stealthy stirring of snakes in the tawny grasses, the deep shadows, the fantastic rigging of aerial ropes, the huge trees which started upward, festooned with creepers, and presently lost themselves in a green haze before they had risen thirty feet—these all combined to produce on the mind of country-bred youth a feeling of uncomprehending awe.

Then the ants which followed each other interminably up the trunks of the trees and made trodden ways of every branch, the yellow-banded wasps, great as bumble bees on the meadows of Moreham, which flew in our faces with a buzz of anger, the calling crabs which waved their arms and challenged each other on every bare patch as we began to climb the mountain ridge—these and a thousand other wonders kept our hearts continually in our mouths as Yellow Jack led us deeper and deeper into the maze.

But Eborra never hesitated. In the village he was, as he said, Yellow Jack, a slow-moving lazy young negro, whose misfortune alone shielded him from being compelled by the overseers to perform much more work. He was indeed to some extent protected by the fears of all the coloured and half-coloured population. But here in the native jungle he moved swiftly as the monkeys among the trees. He disappeared in towers of leaves and peeped out again to show us safer and easier ways. He was never once at a loss, though we plunged deeper and ever deeper into the wilderness.

After we had advanced slowly for an hour, we emerged with Yellow Jack into an opener glade.

‘In what direction you find the village?’ he called down to us.

I pointed behind us in the direction from which we had come. With a slight smile on his face, very different from the broad idiot grim which like a mask he wore in the village, Yellow Jack led us to the brink of a tangled cliff overgrown with bright tropic plants. He pointed with his iron hook as he drew these aside, and laughed a low laugh of irony and contempt, like that of one who has outwitted a powerful adversary.

For there almost at our feet lay the buccaneer village, every house distinct, and the doings of its inmates apparent as if drawn upon a map. The women went and came to the well. The mulatto overseers directed the labour in the gardens. The piccaninnies played in the dust. Even such strangers as we were could make out many of the people by sight, and Yellow Jack,

with his eagle eyes accustomed from childhood to distinguish dusky faces (which still looked mostly alike to us), recognised every one of the scores who could be distinguished below at their various tasks.

'Do the white men know of this place?' I asked of Yellow Jack.

He shook his head with grim satisfaction.

'Not so,' he answered, 'none knows save Eborra, his mother, and now you two. It is for her sake!' he added, as if to clear his conscience, and he nodded at Anna.

After a pause Yellow Jack pointed significantly to the large chief's house which was occupied by my mother. We could see the negro servitors moving about it inside the hedge of prickly pear and that curious plant which is called in Spanish the 'Figs of the Moor.' The headdresses of these women were quite distinguishable in colour and pattern in the keen air of morning. It seemed as if we could almost hear the sound of their voices.

'Look more carefully—there, behind the hedge!' said Yellow Jack, still pointing with his hook.

'I see nothing!' I said, nor for the moment did I, for immediately behind the broad prickly hedge began the deep green of the scrub, and behind that again the ordered lines and stone walls of the gardens.

'There,' said our guide; 'see—at the end of the chief's house! Look closely!'

'I do see,' whispered Anna Mark, catching my arm in great excitement. 'I see two men standing talking together. They are dressed in white clothes and have hats on their heads.'

I thought a little. These were men of the crew of the *Corramantee*. Could she have returned since we had come into the forest? But that was impossible, for the inclosed bay was bare and burningly blue under the tropic sun, unstirred by any keel, and out beyond the Carib Sea sparkled and danced empty of all life save the wheeling sea-birds.

Yet here at our feet were two armed men of the crew—not liberty men, but men of the ship whom we knew well. They were armed also, and on guard. For presently, concluding their conversation they separated and began to pace to and fro, one in front, and the other in rear of the house where my mother dwelt.

'So it is always!' said Yellow Jack, 'night and day, always

two men watch. Then sometimes one comes and watches these two! Wait, in a moment you see him!’

The two men on guard paced slowly up and down, each covering two sides of the cottage inclosure. We could see the sun shining on their musket barrels as they halted a moment at the turn.

‘Why do they watch my mother’s house?’ I said aloud.

‘It is always so—ever since the Chief of the Silver Ring took away the ship. They watch and they watch! Eborra watch too! Here he comes!’

And with his finger he pointed to a hut which stood just beyond one of the garden walls. A man stood in the doorway. We could see his form but indistinctly in the dimness of the chamber. He came a little farther out so that the sunshine of the morning caught him. It was my father!

‘*He who watches the watchers!*’ explained Yellow Jack.

. . . . .

This shook me greatly. And I had begun to feel so secure in this island that I quite resented it. The remembrance of Scotland had begun to lose its edge. All appeared so peaceful. The liberty men ate and grew fat in the society of their dusky wives. The shining piccaninnies tumbled on the shore like young seals, or fled in riotous hand-linked groups from our approach. My mother abode in her beautiful cottage with the shore-vine and frangipani aglow all about it. All seemed peaceful as the click of her knitting needles.

Yet here was my father, not gone away with the ship, but watching and setting others to watch my poor mother. What could his object be?

‘Captain with the golden coat stay,’ commented Yellow Jack; ‘Captain with silver rings go with ship—sell boys, buy provision, come back. Then all go find Spanish ship—town—plantation—kill, steal, make prisoner. When Captain with silver rings return, it no good to be in village. You come with Eborra then. He hide you in his town!’

And smiling in his quiet fashion he let go the veil of green bush which he had drawn aside that we might look down upon the unconscious village. He took us a dozen steps from the cliff edge on which we had stood.

‘You no find it again now!’ he said again.



And truly, no more we could. The dense curtain of green vegetation stirred in the morning breeze, but though we came near to breaking our necks from the cliff edge and got ourselves bitten by red ants in snatching heedlessly at likely branches, we could not again catch a glimpse of the village.

'Ah, do not touch!' cried Yellow Jack, suddenly; 'that is manchineal poison! Leaves cut hand, poison blood. Keep behind Eborra. Follow him!'

And so with faces wondrously lengthened we re-entered the virgin forest. Our guide went on ahead with his accustomed readiness. Continually he would reach back a hand to help Anna, while with his hook he attached himself to some tough lianasse which, like a great cable, bound together (as it were) the earth and sky. Then I, following humbly behind, would in my turn be glad of Anna's hand to steady me.

But the unknown world in which I found myself, and the veiled cruelty and treachery with which we were surrounded, preyed on my spirit. I became a victim to the deepest melancholy. I felt a deep sense of depression which was half the sight of my father lurking on the island when I had thought him far away, and half the hurried and imperfect breakfast I had eaten.

Nothing comforted me so much as the touch of Anna's hand. And I think she let it stay longer in mine because she knew that my heart was troubled. Yellow Jack alone seemed not to feel the need of any cheering influence. After an hour's steady progression through the dim green aisles he pointed ahead.

It was dusky as in a cavern where we stood, but before us we saw two of the giant trees stand like gate-posts of a brighter land. Then, framed as in a picture, lo! a stretch of bare hillside, and a saw-edged mountain above, golden against the blue-black sky.

'Here we eat!' Yellow Jack explained briefly.

And with that fresh buoyancy in our veins which enables the young to set trouble aside (or at least to stop thinking about it till it grows, again insistent) Anna and I went dancing over the glaring white rocks, laughing at the clicking and clattering land crabs which scuttled into their holes at our approach or stood solemnly waving belligerent claws on the top of every rocky knoll.

Eborra led the way over the shoulder of the ridge till he came to a shady spot, where some wild pines gave a more homely look to the tropic landscape. He pointed to a little spring which rose

dimpling in a tiny cup of white limestone rock, overflowed, and ran merrily away down the hillside.

‘Bush water not good,’ he said; ‘this good!’

So on a flat stone our guide undid his pack, and we feasted luxuriously in the airy shade of the pines. The sea-breeze, cool at this altitude, fanned our brows, still prickly with perspiration and the close breathless heaviness of the High Woods.

I have rarely enjoyed a meal more or felt more refreshed by anything than by the cool fruit and sparkling water with which we washed it down. When we rose to look about us, our spirits also had risen to their natural pitch again, and we were ready to follow our guide anywhere.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### FER-DE-LANCE.

YELLOW JACK threw the remains of our feast into a crack in the rock with a gesture which I took to signify an oblation to the deities or devils of the place. Then he turned upon us with the grave eyes, in which was no trace of laughter.

‘We have played,’ he said; ‘we have seen—*tzutt*, it is all nothing! If you are not afraid I will now show you something—the real—the home of Obi, the hid treasure—the palace of the king! You are not afraid?’

Now for myself I had had quite enough of going to look for hid treasures, but I could not show the white feather where Anna remained staunch.

‘What is that?’ I asked, as much to gain time as anything. ‘Do you mean the treasure of Sir Harry Morgan?’

To my surprise Eborra nodded vehemently.

‘Yes—yes—yes,’ he said, ‘the treasure of Morgan! This was his isle long before these men came. They do not know, but Eborra knows. And he knows, too, the guard of the treasure. Some day he show him to the white men—when Eborra ready. Then’—he laughed ironically—‘the white men will die. The treasure guard will kill him. But you two shall see the treasure to-day, and yet be safe, because you are Eborra’s friends and there is no hurt in you!’

It was a long speech for the African, who did not often use so many words. But, for all that, I was by no means sure in my

mind about following. There was a strangeness about these great forests which daunted me. My very ignorance shut me in and made me helpless. All about were unseen deadly things—poisonous plants, deadly animals, and, in addition (I doubted not), dread things that have no name—devilkins of the solitudes, demons of the place, ancient as the stones and cruel-hearted as death itself.

But, before I could make up my mind, Anna rose with her quick gesture of acquiescence, and swung her satchel across her shoulders. Then she set her hand jauntily on the hilt of the knife at her belt.

‘We are not afraid,’ she said; ‘we trust you, Eborra!’

‘No, *you* are not afraid!’ he replied.

Then Anna bent upon the crippled black a look which, had it been turned upon a white man, would have made me angry. But she knew well enough the power she had over the lad, and, like all women, was quite willing to exercise it.

Yet instinctively I felt the danger she ran with a savage like Eborra. Nevertheless, I could not draw back, nor even declare my distrust.

‘It is good!’ said Yellow Jack, and, without another word, led the way down the hill, and, parting the green wall of leaves, plunged again into the densest of the jungle.

This time it was by a darker, more terrible way that Eborra led us. We walked no more in the glorious tangle of the forest, that riot of life and vigour and beauty, but rather through a Valley of the Shadow of Death, like that about which my mother was so fond of reading to me in the ‘Pilgrim’ book. And this dusky guide of ours with his shiny skin and iron-hooked arm, made no bad Apollyon; save that, instead of withstanding us and hurling darts, he only led us on deeper and deeper into the dank and rotting smother.

The lianas dropped from the trees, and crawled like huge boa-constrictors along the marshy ground. The boughs were feathered with long dank drifts of Old Man’s Beard. We began to spring from root to root and from log to log, swinging ourselves by hanging vines over pools of black water sleeping under a deep canopy of gloom, stirred only by the oily plunge of the dread copperhead snakes, which slid off the logs at our approach and disappeared noiselessly in the swelter of green rotting weed and floating vegetable sludge.

Many a time I would have stopped and cried, ‘Turn back. I will go no farther!’ But Anna was staunch, and I could

do no better than follow, though much against my better judgment. Yellow Jack never hesitated a moment, but sped onward as if he had been walking on a made road. After twenty minutes or half an hour of this toil he brought us once more to firmer ground. Before us rose a darksome knoll in the midst of the swamp. It appeared to ascend on all sides in the shape of an inverted bowl. The lower slopes were covered with creeping plants which gave forth an acrid smell when trodden on, and we moved knee-deep in a lively growth of poison oak. All the ground appeared to rustle underfoot with a dry noise, almost like the chirr of crickets, but much fainter—a metallic sound or the echo of a sound which somehow carried a thrill of horror in it.

‘Walk carefully in my footsteps,’ said Eborra, ‘and do not speak! We are very near!’

Anna stretched a hand back to me, and I kept the line footstep by footstep, cheered by her act.

Round the mound a vast group of black pines towered to the skies. These had their heads all bent together, like chiefs at a consultation. They appeared to be listening to each other’s whispered talk. On the crest of the bowl, so soon as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we saw a kind of huge round tower cut off in the middle, as if unfinished. It appeared to be built of black stones. Creepers of a slimy green colour climbed sparsely upon it, and little arsenical-hued apples, with brilliant scarlet patches upon them, hung temptingly down. All round about the swamp slept black and sluggish. Underfoot the same unseen things stirred in the undergrowth. The huge redoubt in front shot up like a wizard tower seen in a dream, and I doubted not but that some hideous enchanter would presently issue forth, or the twisted face of a demon look at us with sudden grimace over the crumbling ramparts.

Yet as we came nearer, it seemed to me that no earthly hands had laid the courses and fitted the joints of that Titanic masonry. For on the side by which we approached, the tower rose wholly smooth and black, save where in little irregular cracks like those in half-dried mud poisonous creepers had obtained a hold for their tendrils. A rumbling uncertainty of sound came from within which shook our midribs like an earthquake.

As we approached still nearer, Eborra kept up a curious hissing hum, which rose and fell like the wind whistling through

the chink of an ill-fitting shutter. I was conscious also of a curious sense of uneasiness, as if I had been walking over the waves of a half-congealed sea. The ground crept under my feet, heaving and contracting itself like a trampled worm, and at the thought a feeling akin to nausea came over me. My knees shook underneath me till I thought I should fall, and, but for the greater horror of falling into the midst of that unknown hissing, they must indeed have given way.

Yet Anna Mark's fingers were steady in mine, though a little cold, and she followed Yellow Jack with confidence and decision. Considering my own state of mind, I could not think of this courage in a girl without great marvelling. The smooth black tower now rose abruptly in front of us, and our guide turned a little to the right and began to edge round the base towards the opposite side. I laid my hand upon it. It was hot to the touch. Here rude steps were revealed, cut deep in the rock, and up these Eborra began to scramble, reaching his hand down to Anna and sticking his hook into the crevices of the heated rock.

'Do not fear,' he said; 'in a moment we shall behold!'

Anna helped me up till I could set my chin over the verge of the black tower. The wall of it was broad enough for me to lie flat upon and look within. Nor upon the summit was it so uncomfortably warm as lower down. Anna held me by the arm, anxious, not for herself, but lest I should venture too near. She need not have troubled, though the action comforted me.

This is what we saw. A huge black gulf or pot-hole with straight sides, cracked and creeper-grown, sank for thirty or forty feet sheer down. The floor of this curious natural tower or volcanic crater was arched like the bulge which comes in the middle of a pot just before the water boils.

Eborra pointed downward with his hook.

'The place of Morgan's treasure,' he said, grimly; 'it is waiting there for the brave man who will come to take it!'

The black well of the tower beneath us was diversified by curious grooved rings set at intervals. In these were holes, many of them large enough to thrust a man's arm into. We saw no steam or fire, but the whole smelt of sulphur, and a moist heat like that which rises from wet sands under a burning sun wavered visibly about us.

I knew not what our guide meant. I could neither see anything resembling treasure, nor yet the dread guardian of whom he spoke.

But Yellow Jack lay with his face over the edge, smiling gently and watching the bottom of the black pot-hole.

'Look!' he cried suddenly, pointing downward with his hook.

And then for the first time I observed that the bubble-like black floor beneath us was not wholly stationary. It appeared indeed to be solid. I would have walked upon it without fear, but yet the whole seemed to be turning over slowly and almost imperceptibly. Indeed, the only way in which the motion of the mass could be noted was by watching the inclination and positions of the sticks and stumps of trees which stood out from the surface.

The object at which Eborra desired us to look was a square-shaped box or cube of wood. For nothing could be discovered of its internal condition because of the black coating of pitch which covered it and hung down from its tilted edge like ill-melted wax.

'Morgan's treasure!' affirmed our guide confidently, 'also the treasure of many more! Obi turns it in the hollow of his hand.'

I was still more mystified than before, and did not even ask a question. The black cube was slowly lifted upwards, turning invisibly all the time, so that the angle which had been averse from us at first, first pointed to the zenith and afterward inclined toward us, before finally sinking out of sight beneath the surface.

At last Yellow Jack deigned to explain.

'Pitch!' he said, 'what is thrown in does not sink, but turns and turns for ever—now above, now below. Morgan's men threw it in before Captain Stansfield took the island from them. He never found it. But Eborra's mother knew. Eborra knows. Now you know!'

'But,' said I, 'if the great treasure be down there, why do you not get it out? Sooner or later some one will stumble upon this place and rob you of your wealth! You should hide it in a safer place.'

'There is none,' said our guide confidently. 'You will believe when I show you the guardians of the treasure. Do not move. Only look!'

The half-caste leaned far over into the interior of the tower. He hummed the strange minor tune over again in a louder tone. Nothing that I could see happened. Then suddenly he whistled shrilly, and even as we looked we saw the circular ledges suddenly wake into hideous life. From each of the black pigeon-holes protruded a flat and ugly head. Then the ruddy coils of a snake seven or eight feet long and as thick as my arm appeared, till all

the circular well of the strange tower appeared to be alive with horrid waving scales, debased heads, and forked tongues.

Yellow Jack leaned still farther over and whistled a quick jiggling tune. At the first sound of it the great poison snakes opened their jaws so wide that the white fangs could be seen hanging down clear of the thin retracted lips. As the time quickened, every serpent gathered itself into a coil with its head in the centre, and began to dance up and down in time to the music. There must have been several hundreds of them beneath us, down in the black gullet of the crater.

The lad stopped and resumed the humming noise he had been making all the way up the hill. Whereupon the snakes, as if soothed, began to creep back to their holes without taking any further notice of us or of the snake-charmer.

We scrambled down in haste, and as we took hands over that unholy creeping mound Eborra jerked his hook back over his shoulder in the direction of the pitch crater.

'*Fer-de-lance!*' he said. 'As the lightning strikes, so he strikes! *Fer-de-lance* guards Morgan's treasure!'

And at the name of the most dreaded snake in the world, of which every child on the island had terrible stories to tell, I resolved within me that it would take many Morgan's treasures to tempt me within reach of those gaping jaws, lashing tails, and white gleaming fangs.

(To be continued.)



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